

DISCORDER

THAT NINE LIVES MAGAZINE FROM **CITR** 101.9FM

FREE

AUGUST

01

DJ

spooky

Kuttin Kandi

The Beatnuts

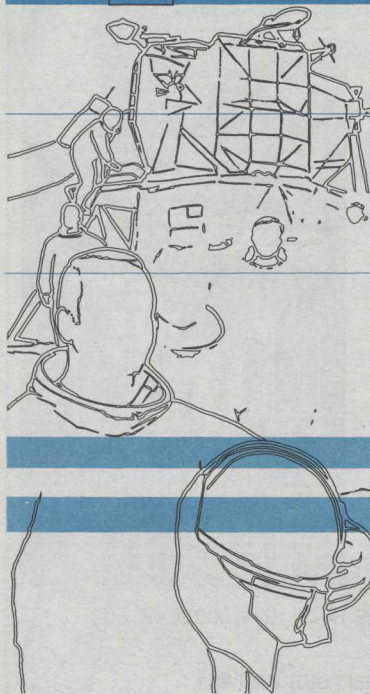
Udo Kier

Elevator



Vermilion

Peaches



The Lotus Hotel has become the Land of Milk & Honey...
 Introducing two fabulous new rooms above the Lotus Sound Lounge:
Milk Bar & Honey Lounge
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 and delirious music



milk

Mondays:
 underground Pop w/ DJs Hancunt,
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 guests, brought to you by the
 Faggy Kittens.

Wednesdays motorbooty
 shootin' up soul,
 freebasing Funk w/
 DJs Stephane nouak
 and Lush.

Thursdays
 Tranarexia
 snatchabulous drag
 hosted by Jovanka &
 Prisca, backed by DJ
 Eddie ToonFlash.

Fridays
 Jungle & Breaks
 smart, chilled out
 breaks for the
 connoisseur.

Saturdays
 Flygirl
 Urban sounds with
 rotating DJs.

Sundays
 Evolution
 Live house brought
 to you by Ra House

Tuesday: Jazidup
 with DJ Dr.Jay & guests. Future
 jazz.

Wednesdays: manual (starting
 august)
 nothing but sexy music to dance to
 w/ DJ Jay-Auto

Thursdays: Easy
 DJ Tristram & guests spinning deep
 fried house

The Lotus Sound Lounge
 Vancouver's favourite underground club
 open Monday-Saturday 9:30pm-2am

Monday:
 20 Hz (breakbeats and techno)
 with sim, B-Rad, atm,
 mc sweat & sodapop

Tuesday: automatic (drum 'n' bass)
 Vancouver's longest running
 drum 'n' bass night with
 DJ matty & Jay-Auto

Wednesday: manual (2-step)
 sexy music to dance to
 w/ DJ Jay-Auto

Thursday: Kray
 (underground house & techno)
 w/ DJs Bauen & Jay Tripwire
 plus a variety of international
 and local guests

Friday: club (sexy house)
 Residents DJ Leanne & Scott Audio
 spin the sexiest club favorites

Saturday: Deepen (underground house & techno)
 Resident DJs Vernon and Tyler "T-Bone" Stadium
 bringing the best in underground dance music.
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LOTUS
SOUND LOUNGE

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 Hip Hop, Funk & soul w/ DJs Lauren
 Burrows & Aui Shak

Saturdays: Flygirl
 Flygirl takes you to the Land of
 Milk & Honey w/ DJ Tracy-D

Sundays: Home
 downtempo lounge with Craig Mullin
 & Friends.

Honey



Milk, Honey & the Lotus are located in the Lotus Hotel, 455 Abbott St.

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We welcome queer and straight (but not narrow) patrons.



DISCORDER

ISSUE 221 • AUGUST 2001 • THAT TOBY VAN VEEN MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



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COVER

ken paul is so great ken paul is so great
ken paul is so great. ken paul designed
this cover for us with eight hours to go,
after about a billion things went wrong
with the original cover, which was by
matt searcy and andrea nunes and pax
lyle. we love them too.

the sickly one:
lyndsay sung
the i drop acid and never
get sick one:
Maren Hancock
the high-fiving designer one:
Mott Searcy
chillin' in a van:
Lori Klessling
the mix master min:
Christo Min
the photograpy one:
Ann Goncoves
the real live one:
Steve DiPasquale

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Steve, Doretta, Toby Van Veen,
Bryce, Maren, that Donald kid,
others we may have forgot but
thank you,
on the dial:
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DEADLINES: Cover deadline for the September issue is August 15th. Ad space is available until August 23rd and can be booked by calling Maren at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send e-mail to DISCORDER at discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Show In White Rock. Call the CTR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at ctrlm@ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at <http://www.ctr.ca> or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

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SONAR

66 WATER STREET VANCOUVER CANADA

Events at a glance:

SATURDAY AUG 4

DJ STEVE TRAVOLTA (NYC) @ INSIDE

Celebrating Pledge weekend in style alongside residents Dickey Doo & Todd Omotani in the main room. Clarence and his souljazz crew in the lounge. \$15 advance tickets available at Sonar, Clubcard, Obstruction. Doors 9pm

SUNDAY AUG 5 - FLY GIRLS present

HERSHE BAR

It doesn't end at the parade...Pledge weekend madness continues so come join the celebration. Doors 8pm

TUESDAY AUG 7 - TIMBRE PRODUCTIONS presents

SQUAREPUSHER & PLAID w/ guest MIRA CALIX

Warp Recordings' Squarepusher a.k.a. Tom Jenkinson lands at Sonar to perform his brand of electronic music to support his new album, "Go Plastic." Jenkinson will be joined by Plaid on this very special night. \$25 advance tickets available at Sonar, Classic, Zulu, Black Swan, Highlife, Scratch, Nozel, and Ditch Records in Victoria.

FRIDAY AUG 10 - CROSSFADE featuring

KEMO (RASCALZ, Those MP's)

Another classic edition of Crossfade as KEMO of the Rascalz and resident Vinyl Ritchie rock the party. Presented by Pharyngy and Spectrum Entertainment, it's the sickest joint to hit on a Friday night.

Free before 10pm / \$8 after / Doors 9pm

MONDAY AUG 13 - GRAND OPENING of Sonar's brand new weekly...

LUSH

A series of housey excursions begins as we start off on this night by welcoming DJ Veronica for her return from her intercontinental tour. Alongside resident DJs Lotley, and Darius Kramer. \$5 / Doors 9pm

WEDNESDAY AUG 15

STARMTROOPERS SOUND CREW @ GRANDE

T.O.'s party DJs SPECS and G-SWAY are back in Vancity to show you how they get down in Toronto. These cats will bring the east coast nudes with the R&B, Hip Hop, Booty, Old Skool, Reggae, Dancehall, House, and more...Plus DJs GMan and Wex. \$7 / Doors 9pm

THURSDAY AUG 16 - MANIFEST presents in assoc. with MOTHER TONGUE MEDIA and SPECTRUM ENT.

TRANS*METAPHORIA: BLACK POETICS

A transcontinental poetic and live music throwdown featuring African Canadian writers, rappers and poets. Special guest RHA GODDESS (BROOKLYN, NY) to add love to the proceedings. Doors 9pm

FRIDAY AUG 17 - CROSSFADE featuring

DJ SCIENCE (SWOLLEN MEMBERS, FWUH)

Who the hell in Vancity is more up to date with urban music than this cat? Science, better known as DJ for Swollen Members, and just as importantly as record buyer for our city's premier hip hop shop (FWUH) drops by with his own crate. Alongside our resident Vinyl Ritchie, this night's gonna' pack a punch. Presented by Pharyngy and Spectrum Entertainment. Free before 10pm / \$8 after / Doors 9pm

WEDNESDAY AUG 22

STARTIME SOUND CREW @ GRANDE

GMan & Rick continue to bring you the best DJs from across the nation. This time featuring a premiere as Calgary's finest crew drops by for a visit. Expect to make a mark with your favourite urban jams and jams. \$7 / Doors 9pm

THURSDAY AUG 23

DJ NIGEL RICHARDS @ 611 RECORDS

Party rockin' house and techno to blow you through the roof. This legendary dj/producer set to rock the house at his Sonar debut. Doors 9pm

FRIDAY AUG 24 - CROSSFADE feat.

SUMMERLOVE PRE-PARTY w/ VINROC (TRIPLE THREAT DJ's, 6th PLATOON, NEW JERSEY)

Start off the weekend proper at the special edition of Crossfade. Presented by Pharyngy and Spectrum Entertainment with resident Vinyl Ritchie. Entrance is free with your Summerlove ticket, and for all others it's \$15 before 10pm / \$10 after / Doors 9pm

SATURDAY AUG 25 - OM RECORDS: SOUND DESIGN TOUR VOL.2 featuring

DJ MARK GRANT @ INSIDE

Another hot night of booty shaking madness as we welcome Mark Grant. Here for his INSIDE debut to tear it up with our resident DJs Dickey Doo and Todd Omotani. Clarence and his souljazz crew in the lounge. Doors 9pm.

THURSDAY AUG 30

DJ HEATHER (SEASONS RECORDINGS, AFTERHOURS, CHICAGO)

Here she comes, once again...the mama with the mostest drops by to give it to us straight. Get ready for a crazy throwdown to some of the driest and the rawest of the soulful goods. Doors 9pm

FRIDAY AUG 31 - CROSSFADE featuring

DJ AKSHUN (PRIME COLLECTIVE)

Presented by Pharyngy and Spectrum Entertainment, w/ resident Vinyl Ritchie. Free before 10pm / \$8 after / 9pm

Wed

GRANDE

the R&B,
the Reggae
the Hip Hop
the Booty
presented by
GMan & Rick

Fri

CROSSFADE FRIDAYS

Party rockin' Hip Hop,
w/ local dj's in rotation
and special guests.
Presented by
Spectrum Entertainment.
pharyngy

Sat

inside

w/ Dickey Doo, Todd O.
Rm 2: soul & jazz w/
Clarence & guests.

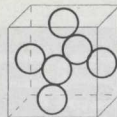
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culture shock

anthony monday

HOME ON THE RANGE

Back from the desert, and enrolled in the University Of DISCORDER's "Cultural Immersion 101" Anthony Monday has been re-learning about the Western world with all its sex and violence. His professors felt that an intensive examination of the Calgary Stampede would be a good introduction to all things western and plastic. Here is this month's report:

Calgary: For three days in a row, a country twang and cheering of happy people has roused me from slumber at the God-forsaken hour of 7:30am. I used to love the idea of the cowboy—the romantic, lone, the burly mountain man with a broken heart; Paul Bunyan and Deepak Chopra all rolled into one. People who know me can testify to my cowboy fetish. Elsewhere still that that damn cowboy hat I asked them to wear while Dolly Parton cussed us with her boobs and

her guitar and we felt about like cicadas in a windstorm, bitten and bruised by the cactus thorns in each other's hearts. It's difficult to be a cowboy-lover in today's alternative world. Where does a farm hand with dusty leather chaps fit-in in today's fast-paced world of sex and TV and slick, wifish superstars? I mean, how can I compare with Dido?

So I have kept my cravings for this forbidden kind of love hidden, close to my heart. Oh, sure, I'll admit, there were times when the desire would become too much and I'd rummage through old suitcases to find the hidden Tammy Wynette stash and—while the windows were closed and the door was bolted—I could scuffle and cuss, be turned-on by all the sorry sorrow and heart-breaking heart-break in Texas and Tennessee.

Kuwait was good for that. I knew no one, no one knew me. I could hide in my desert apartment and go big, country until me and my little budgie's heart were content—maybe that's

why he was autistic? Anyway. Since I have returned to this sex-obsessed Western world, I have found myself having those forbidden yearnings—that secret wanton love for a country song and the smell of cow manure—but no privacy, no venue to expunge wicked thoughts of dusty thighs that smell of horse sweat.

One would have imagined I'd be more than excited when family invited me to come to Calgary, as a holiday, as a re-acquaintance to the true "Western world," and why don't I come during the Calgary Stampede? I did that little "I'm-really-happy-and-I-really-need-to-pee" dance I am so famous for. I often need to pee, you see.

I digress. But, alas, no. My excitement was short lived. And I peed, so I couldn't even do the "I-really-need-to-pee" dance and pretend I was happy to be there, in that cowboy Mecca. Calgary reeked of hay, yes, but it was only a thin veneer of essential cowboyhood that

masked a deeper, grosser, ugly world. My dreams of being swept up by a country lad were transferred into wanting to never see that country lad's white ass again. Everywhere I turned there was an ugly white cowboy hat on some ugly white person. (Which is why the cowboy wore a white cowboy hat?) And the restaurants were rank with the smell of saddle soap: the hostesses were all bleach-blond babes with frizzy hair, huge teeth and very short shorts. They smiled as they bent over to serve purple-faced teenage boys who ogled her breasts and the ass that hung out of her cut-off jeans. They laughed. She laughed. Isn't hegemonic sexism funny? It was hideous.

To say nothing of that hideous music they call "country." I am sorry, but it's not real country unless the singer and the audience are on the verge of tears. It is not a middle-aged man in a red gingham shirt with a acoustic guitar on a cheap stage doing a slowed down version of "I Will Survive." I mean, he might as well have been singing "The Real Slim Shady" with a Texas accent.

This was not the country I had fallen in love with. My country has a poetry that's



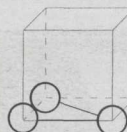
spelled out in the sand and rugged masculinity of the Marlboro man. My country kavin' comes from the belly of a laughing old woman.

It is not plastic white cowboy hats worn by middle-aged women wearing far too much make-up, smiling perpetually. Not the pubescent boys and big trucks. Not the cruel torture the animals are put through in the name of entertainment. Not the country that involves parades of asses and more moustaches than the Village People. Not Shania Twain and barbecues.

I guess it's like mainstream country. And, being the pretentious fag I am, I only like that "alternative" or "underground" country. Campus-community country. The kinda country you'd get on Hastings St. at 4am with your arm around a crack whore and some scat covered, pockmarked, shirtless boy offering to stick his finger up your ass "and wiggle it about."

That's my kinda country. My kinda world.

It's good to be home. •



radio free press

zines : bleek

I can't help but be reminded of how necessary zines are. At least in my life, when I go to a supermarket or drug store or something and look at the magazine rack. Now I know I'm more intolerant than most people, but I'll be damned if I'm not, most of the time, baffled at what consumers are willing to accept as entertainment. What in God's name is relevant to average people in these glossy rags? A bunch of spoiled, whiney actors and models displaying some bloated industry fashions and meaningless entertainment news. So much of this is just way beyond the grasp of 99% of the population. Why not do something for yourself and the stuff you actually care about? I know it goes against our training as consumer drones but give it a shot, you may just find yourself. Look what these people have done. Something new in the Vancouver zine paper trail is PONY MAGAZINE, a rather fun tin zine with many creative contributors (the Vansidian), which include locals like our own CITR show host Doretta Lau and friends Sarah Lebo,

Jeremy Balden, and Robyn Marshall. Though the layout is a bit sparse, the stories and lists on the theme "The Captain 'n' Me: The Lost and Found Objects Issue" is kinda amusing. How many Captains can you name and what attributes can you put to them? Pony does this succinctly, although for what purpose I can't say, but who cares? Since when do zines need clarity? So what you have here is 32 pages of standard sized written art and levity, all ad-free and yours for \$4. Look for it around town, eyecatchahere: ponymagazine@att.net.

Let's see, Brad Young's STAY AS YOU ARE issue 7 has been out for a couple months now and I'm just getting around to writing about it. Post-modern cynicism and tongue-in-cheek philosophical wisdom remain intact in six panel comic form. For the as yet uninitiated (where have you been?), Brad's two somewhat smug characters waste the through existential angst, commercialism, futility, and hypocrisy. Even spiritual matters are taken outside for a good boating here and there. Always entertaining but not so high-

mined that he can't poke fun at himself a few times. Issue 7 includes a Ninja Bear comic, cute and bloody. See Brad's site at www.slaysayyouare.com and pick up copy at a good independent comic or mag shop.

Let's keep thinking locally here: Daniel Rajala's (<streaker@cn.bc.ca>) got a new poetry zine out at the moment, the bright green cover is hard to miss. Daniel's poetry illustrates Vancouver scenery well as it takes in sites and sounds, beauty and injustice, just like we experience all around but forget. I get the feeling that I know Daniel through reading about his observations, his struggles and personal battles with values and voices. Does he really stork around the city? It takes all kinds, eh? If Daniel could package his free spirit there'd be many a buyer... if one could sell freedom. Perhaps a good market for the Americans.

Well... speak of the "great Satan," some American zines have arrived at Radio Free Press and into my grubby hands. One of my very favourites is GO METRIC!, which moved from New York to North Carolina

and will be relocating to Akron, Ohio soon. The price is \$2 but you'd better email first to <gometric@yahoo.com> for ordering info. This mostly pop-punk oriented, thick read is run mostly by Mike Faloona who heads the very indie and superbly unglamorous Dizzy records. This is Go Metric's 13th issue and still retains the sloppy cut and paste aesthetic that is so refreshingly pedestrian in a gloss-obsessed market. Go Metric! is basically a music fanzine containing interviews with The Young Fresh Fellows (and Minus 5), The Figgs, Break Up! Records, Junior Varsity,

Swearing at Motorists, The Sissies and other zine freaks who make Spunk. The always funny filler material makes the zine worth getting alone. Take the Go Metric! Sex Quiz and see how I like to take a moment now to welcome back Terminal City to the Vancouver landscape. It's been a long time and you seem all the better for the wear. Terminal City comes out weekly, sports an alt-lefty 'tude, and is available for free all over the place.

Thanks for the support my friends. Keep it comin' and don't let anyone tell you you're

worthless. Just do your own thing. "No peers, no pressures" I always like to say. Got any audio zine stuff? I'd sure like to hear it. Send your stuff, audio and otherwise, to Radio Free Press at DISCORDER, #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, Canada. Or you can contact Bleek online at <speckfanzine@yahoo.com>.

Listen to Radio Free Press on CITR 101.9 FM. It airs Wednesdays at 2pm. Totally awesome.

GOING TO A ROCK SHOW THIS SUMMER? NEED A NEW LOOK?

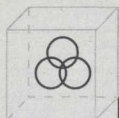
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fucking bullshit and good morning vancouver

by christa m. and lyndsay s.

I'm going blind. And deaf. And I have no sense of smell which means I can't taste anything. Sometimes I get hit in the face with a ball. Or punched in the head. I can feel that. It hurts.

Okay, okay, I can see. But only if I have glasses on. Without them I can only see things that are four centimetres away. It's true. I measured. But I don't give a fuck. I figure you only need sight if you're not getting laid.

First you have to see pictures of naked people. Then you get tired of that and you look for people who might let you undress them. Then you stare at them because you like the looks of them. You stare and stare until you can kiss them. And then, because you're going to get laid, your eyes disappear into your crotch. Your eyes hurt from all that gaping, so when you kiss, you close them. When you're going to fuck, you turn out the light so you can't see.

I figure once I lose my sight completely, I'll be making it with men who have rot-

ting teeth and wear pink tank tops. Which is fine so long as I can't see them and they smell alright. Like smoke and water. Or paper and ink. Not that I know what these things smell like because I can't smell anything. Which is fine so long as I can hear storms. And smoke alarms. I can hear these things. If they're loud. And I can hear what people are saying. If they yell. Repetition doesn't help much. After the third time, I still don't know what the fuck they're saying, so I just shake my head because chances are they're saying something stupid. Something I don't want to hear. But some things have to be remembered. When I go deaf no one will listen to my scratchy records anymore. I'll lose the sounds of chords and throats. Which would upset me. I'd start crying like a fucking pussy. I will be deaf and blind and crying. Blindness probably has no effect on tear ducts, but at least when someone tries to look me in the eye I won't be able to see them. •

Christa M

There are two things you can do with a cherry Popsicle. One, suck on it like it was a melting, slush-in-your-mouth cold sugar watered wiener. Or two. Bite off the frozen, cooling pink ice with your two front teeth, then flip it around on your tongue and crush the pieces between your molars. You know what's annoying? How cherry Popsicles have a stupid innuendo attached to them. Nothing annoys me more than overt, sexualized innuendos. Cherry is the prettiest color, and a light snack. Orange is harsh, root beer is root beer, grape is good, like somebody poured Dimetapp into the Popsicle mold and froze it onto two wooden sticks. Chewing on the sticks after eating is fun. But sad too, 'cause that means the delicious ice cold Popsicle treat is gone. Now all it is, is saliva and pink sugar water getting its ass kicked by the acid in your stomach. One thing I do admire is when you see people, stupid kids mostly, who are eating the Popsicle as a one-piece. No time for a two-piece. No time to find a sharp table corner or wedge of a door. Sucking on that two-

ROUGH ON RATS



piece, their mouth all sideways oval and orange all over their face. Sometimes I pretend I'm that cool and eat my Popsicle that way. But I just feel like too much of a fake. A calculating little monster who wants people to subconsciously think, "Man, look at that dude. He's sucking on that thing, he thinks everyone will think he's gay for sucking on the individual pieces cause they look so much like dinks on sticks. Not like he's not gay already for eating Popsicles. What is he, a 10-year-old girl? Fags. Fags, man." Now wait a minute. Nobody's calling nobody anything. But you know something, I don't care if people think I'm a fag. They're the jerks for assuming things about people. People should concentrate on being themselves and having a good time. More. Then

they would stop calling people fags.

Larry walked the city at night. He would start two blocks from his apartment and keep walking, hands in the front pockets of his jeans, slouched towards the cement with eyes looking up towards the streetlights. The streetwalkers and the drug dealers and the bums would approach him, all of them asking him for something. "I thuck your dick, 10 dollars," she would slur, tottering in her worn red python heels. Larry could see her erect nipples, hungry and cold, through her thin yellow t-shirt. Buds. Buds. Grass. Weed. Looking for some buds man. Larry's jeans were as old as the city. Worn out, faded blue, slick as silk, frayed cuffs and tufts of yellowed cot-

ton flaying along the seams. Larry liked to walk the city. Mini bulbs of light making eyes at him. Naked Oriental Rats, hot dogs two for a dollar, Anal Invasion Part VI, electronics for cheap. Will give cash for shirt. Nobody beat our prices. Larry in his brown loafers. He had blisters on his heels, but he liked the feeling of them. Made him feel alive, the sore red bubbles of skin ushering their watery insides, chafing against the heel of his shoes. The music, the sounds, the bustle of unsavoury characters making their way in their own haze. The lull of night, when summer's cooled off, the stink of overheated garbage bags and rotten vegetables fading away. Larry with his hands in his pockets, feeling the city with his aching legs and blistered heels. He decided to stop and get something to eat. Dollar pizza, soft serve ice cream cones, orange crush in bottles, 50 cents for a samosa, roast beef sandwich two dollars, donair in greasy wax paper, coffee and donut. Apple pie. Larry decided to get a hot dog. Mustard, ketchup, onions, and a soda on the side. He sat on the curb beside the hot dog stand, his soda on the sidewalk beside him. He ate his hot dog, watching the city, waiting for something to happen. •

Lyndsay S

PENNYBRIDGE PIONEERS

SAME OLD TIMES

FOR MICE

LIFE ON A PLATE

No Cops EP

m

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at Plaza of Nations

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more for your money

α&β

sound



Okay, it's about two days before production, and my optimism has been shot through. No more waiting on you good people, hoping that fantastic 7's will drop into my lap, let fly from on high by kindly folk who read my column and heard my plea for quality tunes in the dry-spell time. Forget you. Sure, you've all got a couple of gems stashed away at home, you just didn't want to let me in on the secret. You knew that, once I was on your record tip, I'd tell my fantastically enormous readership, and your special little single would become a big sell-out. And so it goes.

I am glad that one person had the faith to lend me a record. Thank you, Chris, for giving me a copy of VERMILION's "Bo Jackson" 7". Chris took a chance, people, and I was greatly rewarded for it. Drove up in a minimal way, the sleeve provides little insight into this mystery band, and Chris also provides no clues into the intricate dealings of the band. I can only guess that he

wanted me to experience an earful of this band's delicately crafted dynamic output. Skipping the garbled jargon I tend towards, I'll get to the point: Vermilion is an instrumental four-piece (that much the liner notes reveal) whose skill at crafting a song that remains engaging from start to finish is near-perfect. Both songs on this single, neither of which has an identifiable title, feature many of the finer post-rock points that other bands are getting too sloppy to include in their song-crafting. Personally, I was very impressed with the drumming on the b-side—drum solos are sorely missing from most bands' repertoires! The element of repetition and warm, crisp guitar sounds made me think of the last Don Caballero album, but in a fonder way. Much love to my record-lending pal! (Redwood Records, PO Box 6041 Fullerton, CA 92634)

Nobody else lent me records. I did, however, have the good fortune to receive one as a gift, buy a hot new item at a show and stumble across two

new 7's at the station. So no, you may not stop reading my column now. I've got more to write about. Also, if it just so happens that your contribution to my column got lost in the mail or eaten by the DISORDER bureaucracy, I'll try this method again next month, but a little less exclusively. I know it stinks like trouble to expect others to do your work for you.

On to the next goodies. Friends of mine ran away to Scotland for a little while and were kind enough to bring me back some creepy-crawly slime-filled gummy bugs. Oh, and they also brought me back a record, a very good one in fact. I'm going to guess that CAMERA OBSCURA is a Scottish outfit, being on a Scottish label and being full of accents and all. A female-fronted kindly-pop outfit, Camera Obscura takes the time to spell out the tricky parts of love. The vocals are just about gentle enough to make you shout "Twice!" at our stereo, but the truth is quick to hit—ain't nothing wrong with a bit of twee music! All three of

Camera Obscura's songs are solid pop tunes, one with strings, one with harmonies, one with not much but a girl and her story. This is an obvious next-best-favourite for Belle and Sebastian fans, and equally accessible for anyone up for a pleasant ride. (Andmoresound, PO Box 16103 Glasgow G11 7TA Scotland / www.andmoresound.co.uk)

My hot purchase of the month was the new RED LIGHT STING single. True enough, this single's shaped a little larger than my usual fodder, a little more on the 12" side of things, but it's not like I haven't bent the rules for this band before. They're local, they're good, and, really, there's just as many good songs on this sucker as any other single I'll touch today. This four-song single is the logical next step after the band's split 12" with Hot Hot Heat, providing proof positive that this band is on the road to good. This recording provides the listener with a better opportunity to figure out what the heck Greg is shouting about, which is always nice. Along with more discernable lyrics, the songs here seem to have a less frantic pacing. The slower motions add to the diversifying dynamic of a band getting its wet feet dried off a little bit. Less spazz and more heart are clearly evident on this recording, but not to worry—



there's still plenty of wacky keyboard noises and nonsense to be found. I'm very down with "Congratulations Mr. Crocodile, You're Pregnant," despite the title (just like the rest of them) that just don't make no sense. See the band play! Buy the record! Get on this! (Soundvirus, PO Box 55783 Valencia, CA 91385)

Heavy on the local scene, leading us some hardcore cred, MERCURY THE WINGED MESSENGER have reached out to the vinyl-loving hard-rockers amongst us and offer a split single with eastways band HACKSAW. Hack saw's contribution is moderately engaging, a speedy garage tune with good execution but weaker lyrical content. Maybe I just want more instrumental mayhem... I guess that's what MTWM is all about. Seeing them live makes ya proud, thinking about how we've got our very own Fucking Champs on the scene. These boys are crazy, yo. The sound is fast, fast and oh-so-

furious. This one song alone proved worth the wait. (Global Symphonic, www.globalsymphonic.com)

Last, and local, and not least, I promise, is the newest REMOVAL single. This is number three of ten, and continues in the fine style of singles past. The a-side is a track featuring Joe Keithley, Mr. DOA. I've never really experimented on the DOA punk side of the tracks, but I can see how Mr. Keithley might be accused of starting a riot or two. This song is also on the band's album *Remove All*. The b-side, however, is exclusive to this single, and the more noteworthy of the two tracks. This song is full of creepy samples and the thunderous instrumental rock that this band is so well-respected for. Damn, if Vancouver doesn't have thing or two to offer up after all! (www.removeallmusic.com)

This wasn't such a bad month for records, as I hope you see, and I've only got a month to go, so give me the goods, or at least tip me off!

Records can be sent to JC c/o DISCORD Magazine, #233-6138 SLUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, Canada. Or get up to UBC somehow and drop it off in our convenient I'll never drop-off circle.

TO ALL WAVEBANDS ON EARTH...

JOE STRUMMER & THE MESCALEROS

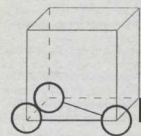
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over my shoulder

book reviews by doretta laiu

Usually I don't like it when people read over my shoulder. One time, I was sitting on the bus and some guy insisted I let him finish reading an essay I was going over. He kept pestering. I should have said, "Go away, man, reading over my shoulder. You suck." He wouldn't shut up, so, like the passive jerk I am, I let him read the essay. Oh well. Anyway, the point is I'm inviting you to read over my shoulder now. Next month I promise I'll look at poetry and small presses, but for now, I present you with a first-time novelist with a great book deal and a writer of rock star proportions.

KELLI DEETH

The Girl Without Anyone
Harper Flamingo Canada
Kelli Deeth is a Vancouver writer and graduate of the MFA

Creative Writing program at UBC. This is the program that is famous at the moment because the press is in love with the work of recent graduates such as Madeleine Thien, Zsuzsi Gartner, and Nancy Lee. Sometimes media hype is unwarranted, but in this case the attention is well deserved. Vancouver is enjoying a wealth of excellent prose and poetry. *The Girl Without Anyone* is a collection of 11 interlinked short stories chronicling protagonist Leah's coming-of-age in a suburban landscape. The prose is spare; on first read, it's possible to misinterpret the writing as simple. On second read, I realize that if something is lacking, it's not in Deeth's writing, it's in my reading. The silences and subtle gestures create a world where many small events come together, resulting in huge



emotional epiphanies.

The stories all contain some form of travelling. There's an unsuccessful family vacation, a winter walk to an older boy's house, a disrupted commute to

and from work, the escape to an imaginary bedroom, and the search for Leah's missing stepbrother. More often than not, the final destination is emotional rather than physical. In *The Girl Without Anyone*, Leah's test is to survive her own internal landscape. It is fitting, then, that the book's cover is an x-ray photograph of a girl's back; the book itself is an x-ray into Leah. Deeth's writing is an x-ray that captures what makes each of us screwed-up, yet so achingly beautiful.

HARUKI MURAKAMI

Sputnik Sweetheart

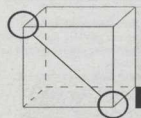
Knopf

My only other Murakami experience was *Norwegian Wood*, so I'm not well versed in things HM. What I do know is many guys love Murakami. For instance, Daniel Handler, a.k.a. children's writer Lemnys Snicket (who Julie C. and I have been trying to track down for an interview because his books are addictive and he is collaborating with Stephen Merritt of The Magnetic Fields, *Future Bible Heroes*, *The 6ths*, and the *Gothic Archies* fame—but I digress). Handler digs the

Japanese music. From what I've read of Murakami, I can understand why. The prose is tight and musical even in translation (though I thought *Norwegian Wood* was a more sonorous read than *Sputnik Sweetheart*), the characters have obsessive interests (Beats songs, Beat writers, reading, and wine), and the protagonist is in love with an elusive, idealized figure. Everyone knows what it's like to obsess and to want who or what they can't have. The key to Murakami's writing is his trick of making loneliness seem noble and attractive. *Sputnik Sweetheart* opens with a quote about the dog Laika, the first living being to leave the earth's atmosphere. Laika died alone, while circling the earth. It's the perfect metaphor for a quieted love: death of the self due to a gravitational attraction to an object larger than oneself. The object is so large, you can't help but fall into an orbital pattern around it. The story is told from a nameless male character's perspective. He recounts the events surrounding the disappearance of Sumire (who is a writer), the woman he loves, who in turn

loves a married woman everyone calls Miu. The tale is straightforward: guy falls for girl, girl loves an older woman. Girl goes on trip with older woman and disappears. Older woman enlists the help of guy to search for her. The tale could have been cliché territory, but Murakami shines in the telling of the tale. Each sentence is a revelation, to the point where the reader discovers more about Sumire when she is no longer physically present in the tale. I should probably be disturbed by the role of the male gaze in Murakami's novels, but the thing is, his writing makes up for sometimes offensive portrayals of women.

I do have a small complaint. It's a plot/story complaint. The last part of the novel sinks into magic realism and metaphysical discussion, which was a bit of a curveball. I'm not sold on the narrative turn, but maybe I should just trust Murakami. He knows what he's doing and hey, for my body he's a rock star in a writer's body. •



strut and fret

penelope mulligan

DISPATCHES FROM DANCING ON THE EDGE

RADIX

Bevilliered
Friday, July 6
Capri Hall

I love the notion of parallel worlds. You can sense it in places where the membrane between them is thinnest—metaphorically speaking of course. It's particularly noticeable when one is walking or gazing. Now I'm beginning to wonder if Radix Theatre's work with locations has something to do with this because they often manage to recreate the feeling. Either that, or they really know how to pick their location.

In terms of size and scope alone, this show is probably their most ambitious yet, and director Sherry Yoon, who co-created the piece with the three performers, seems a good match for the Radix aesthetic. Atmosphere, stupendous visuals and tectonic shifts in interpretation all combine to induce a state of audience involvement that has become their calling card.

Bevilliered took place on the main floor and two subterranean levels of a non-descript old hall on Fraser Street. We started at the bottom and moved up through what in retrospect, almost corresponded to

REM stages of sleep.

In the corners and along the walls of a big, dark canal, scenes lit in isolation occurred one by one. The pitch dark behind us almost had a texture as it pressed against our backs. Here would be a good time to start praising set and lighting designer, Jay Dodge. Cross sections of rooms floated in the darkness and the light had that yellow, low wattage feel evocative of your parents' basement. (Later on, Dodge would light scenes literally and later still, like nothing on earth.) A woman in a bedroom (Tasha Faye Evans) gave a dissertation on the Angel of Suicide, a young man (Brahm Taylor) resolutely tap-danced his way through a world not fitting into the world's definition of success, and an acid-damaged psycho-in-waiting (a rivetingly believable Paul Ternes) described his chemical breakdown and fantasies of rapping his sister.

At first, the scenes were performed as monologues, but as characters crystallized, they bled into each other's vignettes and a story slowly took shape. Although visually arresting in its presentation, some of the material felt as if it was trying a little hard to be both significant and obtuse. Given the setting, this was hardly necessary. Evans seemed particularly

aware that she was in a weird show. Problem is: of course, that the *strange* can't be played or it flattens and flees. To be fair though, her role as all-purpose female archetype didn't give her the grounding that Taylor and Ternes had in theirs.

As we shuffled around en masse, I started to feel like a tourist in an underground cave. The guides were unobtrusive but every time they clicked on their flashlights to shepherd us to the next spot, a spell was broken.

Those rascals must have been reading my mind though because as I was musing thus, we were led up the stairs to the parkade where nothing could have blunted the realism of what happened next. First we were shocked shellies and then compelled to watch a nightmarish scenario play out. Radix describes *Bevilliered* as a search for "what, if anything, remains wild in the heart of the docile domesticated urban dweller." At this point, I decided that the answer was "everything," but in a perverted, destructive form.

After ascending to the final level, we waited in a carpeted room until sliding doors were opened and the guides gently beckoned us toward what looked like blue-lit abyss. Leaning over the balcony and

trailing down a curved staircase, we looked out over a scene that made my stomach go into freefall as I melted with awe. Remember Radiator Girl from *Emmerhead* or the funeral by the swimming pool in *Turidlo*? Well trust me—this was right up there. Although it was a complete turnaround from the nastiness we had just witnessed, I still fancied a connection—as if the poisoned characters had been reincarnated and were now extravagant, yet peacefully mad. Suddenly the show's title really made sense.

EDGE 8

Sunday, July 8

Festival Arts Centre

In past festivals, these mixed programmes have often been assembled thematically. Not this one, though. The three short pieces were so unlike that the 45 minute show had the disjointed feel of a channel-surf. It was an interesting sensation.

First came *Porridge Flick* by Andy Jones. Yes, that Andy Jones—actor, writer, founding member of Newfoundland's CODCO and now choreographer. According to the programme, the piece explored the question of how many massive porridge flicks it would take to accidentally produce a planet which would accidentally result in human beings. The event is so unoriginal that question is a little big, even.

Anne Truak performed the work with deadpan conviction—and I was going to say courage—but then she commissioned it from Jones, so I guess

she'd feel okay about it. Some of her utterances were quite funny, but their gratuitous, self-conscious absurdity were very fast and just became irritating. All the while, she executed the swimming pool, original *Modern Dance* moves. She did one ugly thing, though. She took off her knickers from underneath her stretchy trousers without removing the trousers. The process of managing to do this fascinated me to distraction. Otherwise, a bit of a navel-gazer. Perhaps I just didn't get it.

Lynne Taylor-Corbett is a well-established New York based choreographer whose *Full Moon* opened and closed with a full-blown coyote howl. Black-dad dances Holly Bright and Raymond Mine floated dramatically through a duet which, judging from their respective facial expressions, filled her with angst and him with poignant joy. The choreography was reminiscent of Micaela Graham, with those full body touples and quick fan kicks which use skirt fabric to gorgeous effect. It was beautifully performed. Assuming that it was a parody, I laughed. No one else did though, so I hope it was.

Last up was *Cat*, and I'll admit that this was I'd come to see. Commissioned by Montreal's Sarah Williams, it's the latest work by the Holy Body Tattoo's Noam Gagnon and Dana Gingras—past masters of thrashing the body to release the battered heart. As did their full-length *Craze*, this compact piece "examines the forces that bind us forever or

tear us apart." The two dancers, Williams and Vancouver's Kathleen McDonagh, already looked sweaty and tousled when they walked onstage. As if defining the arena of their impending struggle, they both chalk lines down each side and then got down to business. I suppose that "contact improv" could be a technical reference point, but this was no exercise—it was a flipping, twisting, circling, emotional street fight. Both women were seriously ripped, with the sort of upper-body strength pioneered by La La La Human Steps' Louise Lecavalier back in the day. Was it defiantly genderless or violently Sapphic? I decided that in a convoluted way, it was both and yet neither. These were women alright, but they were in *Fight Club* drag, complete with those don't-touch-me shoulder twitches that guys give you when they're on the brink of a rumble, and violent, repeated, head-damp, muscle-on-muscle slap.

But Gagnon and Gingras don't just dazzle us with spectacle. Within their choreography is wordless conversation and tragic circumstance: Williams, repeatedly, throwing acrobatic moves in a headlong position, or one dancer draped over the other's lap in a split-second freeze-frame of the *Pieta*.

The music, by Montreal's Jackie Gallant, was percussion-driven techno with a cruel energy that felt hours away from chillout time.

I didn't want *Cat* to end. Of course it had to, but because it was on last, I could at least take it home fresh and hot. •

Vermilion



Photo: Zac Pennington Article: Chiff Carnot

DISORDER caught up with Vermilion at The Showoff Gallery in Bellingham, WA, at the end of an eight show, two week west coast tour. Although barely legal, this quartet from Everett, WA have been together in one variation or another for nearly five years. We sat in their van and discussed Pfluggercasters, Steve Albini, Bo Jackson and 7" records... After handing over their \$10 paycheck, Showoff promoter John D introduced Bryce, Colin, Danny, and Eric on *DISORDER*'s behalf: **YOU GUYS ROCK THE SWANS!**

DISORDER: So what do you guys want to talk about?
Eric: We want to talk about how we transformed on this tour. We established more of a personality for ourselves, I think. Now when we come to play we have more energy. We come to rock.
Bryce: And more showmanship.
Colin: Yeah, showmanship. I'm working on my Pete Townsend.
Eric: You're getting your windmill out.
Colin: Yeah, if you watch me, it's all about ripping off Pete Townsend. I'm going to start smashing guitars up once we get bigger and better. When I can afford more guitars, I'll smash the fucking shit out of them.
I have a guitar called a Pfluggercaster. If you want, you can smash it in Vancouver at your show at The Cobalt.
Colin: I'll give you some money for it.
No. It's worthless. The only catch is, you have to play it first.
Colin: I'll play it. I'll fucking play it on the last song and kick the shit out of it.
Speaking of showmanship, how was the turn out for your first west coast tour?
Bryce: Pretty good. The first show was pretty sad. It was us, the other band and like two people. The second show was pretty good. Maybe 20 people. And the last show was about 50 or 60 people. It was kind of a house show—a place called Koo's.
How do you spell that?
Bryce: K-O-O-S.
Where is it?
Danny: In Santa Ana.
Eric: Maybe it's K-O-O apostrophe S.
Danny: The possessive of Koo.
To be blunt, most of you guys are too young to be at a bar show. How does this help shape your opinion of all ages events?
Bryce: We'll get the most turn out for all ages because most of the people we know aren't 21 yet. It's the way to go for us.
Danny: Also, when you play bar shows, a lot of the people there are to drink. But when you play all ages shows, people are coming out to hear music. To hear bands they want to hear. It's a lot better scene.
Tell us about your 7". Where was it recorded?
Colin: We recorded it with Matt Bayles at Studio Litho in October. The record's called Bo Jackson.
What inspired the title?
Danny: It's about his life, his career. At the beginning you have his birth, that's when you hear the violin. Then it kind of jumps ahead to his career in sports.
Eric: And how he sputters. The whole hip injury is covered on the b-side.
Bryce: Actually, I was washing my balls in the bathtub when I came

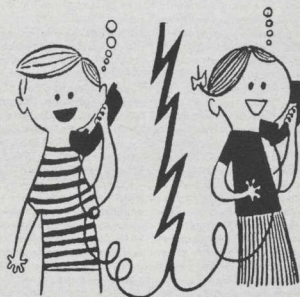
up with the name.
Whilst washing your balls in the tub, do you ever worry about the death of the 7" record?
Bryce: Not everybody has a record player, but everybody will buy a 7" for some reason.
Danny: In this situation it was the best format available. The length of the song worked out perfectly. It would have been a waste to put that one song on a CD. With the one song on two sides, you get two different aspects. The whole concept worked really well with a 7".
Colin: I'm really into the 7". After we do the full length, I want to do another single. I want to put out at least a couple of things out every year.
Eric: Yeah, we want to put out vinyl pretty consistently.
What else is, or will be, in your discography?
Danny: We did a CD a couple of years ago with a guy named Jake Snider at Spectra Studios. We released that in March of last year. We're going to Chicago in October to record at Electrical Audio.
What's your game plan when you get there? Are you going to tell Steve what to do?
Vermilion (in unison): He's going to tell us what to do.
How was he to deal with when you booked?
Eric: He was totally square. No bullshit about him whatsoever. He treated me like, you know, a professional.
How do you guys record? Is it live off the floor, or do you make use of overdubs?
Bryce: We do all our instruments live. Then we'll go back and do any vocals or any other type of instrumentation, like my trumpet or Danny's violin. For the most part, it's live. It gets really complicated if you do it a track at a time, for us at least.
Colin: We tried it once at some guy's house and it sounded crappy. We have a real unique chemistry when we play together.
Eric: Yeah, there are a lot of cues.
Colin: And some improvisation too. If you're trying to improvise by yourself it just sounds lame.
Okay, what's next for Vermilion?
Eric: We're going to do another west coast tour in September. Play some of the places we've played before and add on some new venues. We want to promote ourselves along the west coast so we actually have a market for this album.
Do you want to give a plug for your label, Redwood Records?
Danny: Yeah, Chris Smith, he's an awesome guy. He loves music and puts out a lot of bands that he ends up losing money on, but he doesn't care because he loves what he's doing.
Eric: He a super great guy. Super cool label. Super.
Any parting words?
Colin: We're in it for blood. •

scenesters unite...geared to go-go hits vancity

Well it seems that someone out there has heeded my advice. About eight months ago I printed a little diatribe on the state of the Vancouver all-ages music scene and the inherent need of you, the gig-loving public to quit your whinin' and moanin' about where to see good shows in this town and start doing something about it. And even though that sector is still plagued with difficulties, we the drinking set can take solace in the fact that there are a few individuals out there willing to try and make a difference. Being one of those whiners myself sometimes, it's good to know I can rely on people like Frank Yahr to boost my spirits and hide behind his shadow when the masses come looking for me with steam shooting from their ears after reading this exposé. Yahr is the brain-child behind Geared To Go-Go, a multi-media, multi-option fest that will take place over the Labour Day long weekend, featuring music, film, art, sport, and much, much more that hopefully, by the end of it all, will bring together the different "scenes" that thrive in our city with the common goal of providing stimulating entertainment. You may have seen Yahr at shows, lending his support to the many bands that grace Vancouver stages, or on the street when he used to pass out flyers for Spike 'n' Mike's Festival Of Animation. He's optimistic that bringing elements of arts and music into a community who will support events like Geared To Go-Go will work. As a blueprint for this experiment, he took his experience from living in San Diego and saw that aspects of different scenes did have certain things in common, certain threads running through them—as is the case with the event happening here. When Yahr first learned of the screening tour for the film *American Mad*, which deals with the New York based subculture, his first thought was on how to promote it locally, as there was a distinct appeal with the genre that could attract a portion of scenesters in Vancouver. Through contacts he had made with the Vespa Club Of Canada, an obvious choice for this type of engagement, he also learned that the organization would be celebrating their 10th anniversary

and the two functions could, through similar ties, be promoted together. Thus, the idea behind Geared To Go-Go was formed. Yet, one of the more difficult tasks now lay ahead to bring in other elements that a good cross-section of people outside of that spectrum of scooter enthusiasts should find exciting as well. Location was the first step. As most people in the music industry know, organizing an event of this caliber can be troublesome, given Vancouver's already confusing liquor laws and permit requirements. Being resourceful was the key: by having venues that are more flexible and open to hosting new events, this would entice potential audiences to try out these places. For example, hosting the screening of the film *The Ridge Theatre*, while next-door at Varsity Lanes there will be bowling and live bands to entice those who may have short attention spans. Also using *The Purple Onion* in Gastown with its two-tiered club rooms providing a mix of live band versus DJ again entertains the idea of attracting varied crowds with a choice of activities.

Now that being said, you're probably thinking that's all well and good, so there has to be some catches, right? Well sure, a little planning goes a long way. Yahr says that starting early means more opportunities to make mistakes and correct them without feeling pressured by time, no matter how big or small your event is going to be. Always be willing to ask for help, especially in making those first few contacts, and the more people willing to help you, the better. Have a back-up plan in case things don't work out as they originally intended, and most importantly, have fun with it. It may seem like a lot of work, but in the end it will pay off, as it very well should for Geared To Go-Go. Shows like this are still a rarity these days, but with enough support and initiative from people like Yahr, we could see Vancouver back on its feet as the viable, thriving musical mecca that it should be, and we wouldn't want little ol' me writing another piece like this again, would we? •



by bryce dunn



peaches spews the cream

by Hancunt



When I was hitting puberty hard, I was hornier than I'll ever be at 32, I'm sure. My best friend was the shower nozzle, and I was particularly fond of my mother's Sidney Sheldon novels, if you know what I mean. Fast forward almost a decade and a half, and here I am, a bored, disillusioned feminist whose various stints working and volunteering in women's centers have left me completely repulsed by anything remotely sounding like Ani DiFranco, The Indigo Girls, or any of the white women who have played Lilith Fair.



After Peaches, she reconciles that dirty, horny, immature little shit side of herself with my "mature woman side." Her muses take me back to the days of hour-long bus rides (I had to be shipped to a "special school," as if you couldn't tell where bored adolescent puberty reigned). There was no recourse to the endless cruise ship parties, no "fucking in the back seat" (I was too young to be stringing together all the dirty words we knew into ridiculous lyrics and hanging our heads outside the bus windows, screaming them at old ladies waiting at bus stops: "THE GOD FUCKED NELLY IN THE BELLY IN THE BARN, THE OLD MAN SAID SHE WOULDN'T DO ANY HARM, SHE KICKED SHE TORE SHE PEED ON THE FLOOR, SHE RUBBED HER BUM ON A TWO BY FOUR..."). Peaches' lyrics are a little more sophisticated than my adolescent being dirty, bolstered by the new found confidence only burgeoning breasts and menstrual blood can give you. Peaches is that dirty, bored little 12-year-old, 20 years later, hitting her female-defined sexual peak like a bat out of hell. Filthy. Smutty. Bawdy. Lewd. Lascivious. Peaches is just plain sexy, but her real name, Merrill Nisker, is not. So she goes by the moniker "Peaches"—the perfect name for a self-styled "saucy, lo-fi electro-pop" bump and grind sensation.

Peaches originally hailed from T-dot-O-dot, yo, and the EP version of the *Teaches of Peaches* was released on Canadian imprint Teenage USA last summer. Peaches hit Europe shortly after, and at her Berlin show she sold out of her EP before she even hit the stage. This undoubtedly impressed Berlin's esteemed indie label Kitty-Yo, who promptly signed her and released her full-length LP *The Teaches of Peaches*, which contains the same material as the EP and then some. Peaches uses repetitive, dirty beats courtesy of an MC505 and adds some raunchy punk guitar. While employing much of the same beats to much of the same effect, Peaches uses an abundance

of style and vigour, salacious attitude to push her debut album beyond concept-hood into the land of the seminal. Unabashed celebration of sex in the spirit of Prince, Peaches' dirty mix although referring mostly to the opposite sex from hers, remains somehow genderless. Her subject matter is sex, contained in such lyrically romantic songs as "Liver Tits", "Cum Undun", and my personal favourite, "Suck and Let Go." Rumored to put on a BADASS live show, Peaches is a one-woman movie shot. Peaches is so in demand, even *DISORDER*!!!! couldn't get a hold of her for an advance interview. Hancourt to the rescue! I conducted an email interview with Peaches last year for *DISORDER* online, and since it's timely, we've reprinted it below for your reading pleasure.

You've been in quite a few bands, as well as doing the solo thing. How did your newest incarnation as Peaches evolve? I bought the MC5 groove box and away I went. This incarnation is great 'cuz it's more about busting out and entertaining than musical prowess. I'm all [about] more people on stage and less instruments. It creates a beautiful chaos—fuck rehearsing.

Tell us about your backup band, the MCS.
The MCS(05) is my slave and does whatever I say. It never talks back or bitches. It never gets tired or needs to stop for pee breaks on long road trips. Right now I am training it to scope hot babes, make dinner, and wipe my ass. Hopefully it won't turn on me and become a Stepford 505.

What about your "hype man?" What's a hype man? Is he like Flava Flay or something?

Exactly. A hype man or woman busts out the audience subtext and keeps everyone connected to the show.

You moved to Berlin last year after being signed to German label Kitty-Yo. What is your impression of Berlin?

Berlin is a place where all freaks are welcomed. It's a big city, but it's not uptight like London, Toronto, or Paris.

How long have you been making music for?

I started playing music when I was 23 and now I'm 33. I took up electric guitar five years later and then experimented with every rock instrument.

Before Peaches, you were in a band called The Shit. Peaches, however, seems to be all about sex. Do you ever combine the two? Shitting and Sex?

I leave that for Mowzer the Shit-Eating Pornstar. The Shit was more about being "the shit" than taking a shit. I was also Peaches in The Shit.

What's "pussy humus?"

When the juice is a little too thick,

You make films and compose film scores. What's "bicycle porn?"
Loving and licking your bike.

Name some female independent musicians whose shit you dig.
 Tre Lude (rapper), Princess Superstar, Chrissie Hynde, Cobra Killer.

The Shaggs, The Runaways

What's your f

Pot, everyday.
 Name some of your favorite albums to knock boots to.

Shizuo and Freedom,

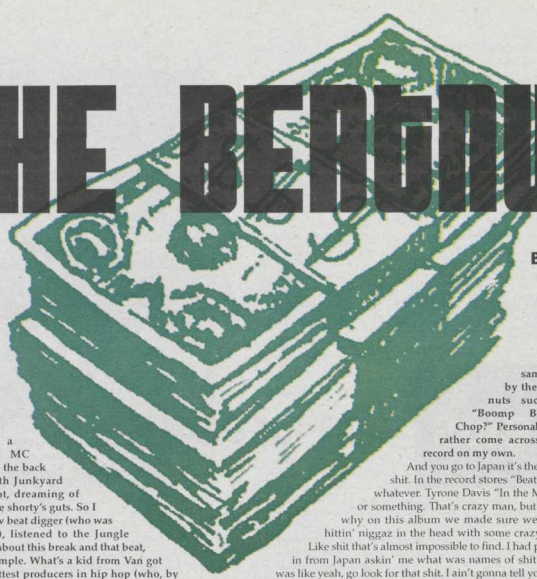
What do you look

Loads of mystery.

Any advice to aspiring Canadian indie

Peaches will be live and in your face Monday, August 6th at the Starfish Room with Taylor Saavy.

BEATNUTS



I conducted my interview with Psycho Les of the World Famous Beatnuts and a virtually unknown MC named Moonshine in the back of their tour bus with Junkyard Juju asleep in his cot, dreaming of busting nuts up inside shorty's guts. So I hung out with a fellow beat digger (who was really quite mellow), listened to the Jungle Brothers, and rapped about this break and that beat, and such and such sample. What's a kid from Van got to ask one of the platte producers in hip hop (who, by the way, hates doing interviews)? Well, I wanted to know whether the Nuts used the Herbie Mann or the Enock Light version of "Hijack" for "Watch Out Now." Most people don't know or care about what I'm referring to, but just in case: the Beatnuts are about beats, so we talked about beats. Oh, and a little bit about tits too.

DISCORDER: I read that you guys don't like doing interviews and shit.
Shit. Not really, but I do interviews with cats like you... that know what you're talking about. Some stupid niggas, they don't know what Moonshine. They just stepped into the game.
 You guys ever get mad at interviewers 'n' shit and get in fights?
 Nahhh... not really.
 You just...
 I just avoid 'em.
Before "Intoxicated Demons," what was the first track you ever produced as a group and who was it for?

One of the first tracks that we ever produced, I think, had to be for the Chi-Ali album. That was our first big project. You know, Chi-Ali, the little kid back in the days. This was like '90, '91 when his album dropped, and that was our first big project in the studio and shit. After we did that album the label was like, "Yo these niggas is ill, you produced and wrote all of this shit." So that was like our demo. After that they signed us and we put out the EP just to throw it out there, just to see what response we got. And it got a pretty good response. We just came with a full length after that. That's a classic point.
 Definitely, to this day man.

Was that (the Chi-Ali album) with Fashion [Af' Tariq]?
 We had Fashion because he was like the 24/7 MC. Me and Juju's more like producers, we're the beat guys. I like to MC cause it's fun, but my main love is the music.

So what ever happened to him?
 Nothing happened. He wanted to experiment [and] do other things with his friends. We were still down 'his music, and it's not like we broke up. He's even on this tour with us but he couldn't make it across the border so...

Do you ever have a problem with sample clearance?
 Just from the first Chi-Ali album. We had our first experience with sampling. We sampled The Meters and they sued us. Yeah, we sampled like a half of the hand clap song [*Mimicks hand clapping and makes sounds*]. You remember the little hand clap song? And that was our first experience. So then we was like "Oh okay, it's like that." Now we know how we gotta play... they wanna play hard ball, so we just go to diggin' real deep for some crazy shit. Now it's like we on some crazy shit, some other shit.

What do you think of re-issues, like Blue Note breaks, that feature

tracks sampled by the Beatnuts such as "Boomp Boomp Chop?" Personally, I'd rather come across that record on my own.

And you go to Japan it's the same shit. In the record stores "Beatnuts," whatever. Tyrone Davis "In the Mood" or something. That's crazy man, but that's why on this album we made sure we were hittin' niggaz in the head with some crazy shit. Like shit that's almost impossible to find. I had people in from Japan askin' me what was names of shit and I was like yeah, go look for that shit. I ain't gonna tell you shit 'cause that means you gotta go write that and blow me up. Try to blow me up.

What gear do you currently utilize and what was your first piece of equipment? [*I show him my Casio SK-1 sampler keyboard—one of the first affordable samplers*].

Yeah, that was just to bullshit around. I mean when it first came out, that was like the first shit you could sample on, throw your voice in there, whatever. So you know I bought it just to have it, but turntables definitely was the first equipment that I had.

So you started out as a DJ?
 Yeah, definitely DJing all the time... DJin', cutting the beats. Doubles, I used to buy all my shit doubles. Doubles, doubles, doubles. Anything I bought was doubles. I had to get a double. That's why once sampling came I had all these breaks stacked up, all these beats. Just doubles 'n' doubles. Shit that niggas just sleepin' on. I was like, "What?" Okay. So I had joints already ready when the sampling game came to process. We was kinda ready so...

So has your production ethic changed from a sample-based one to include more live instrumentation?

Ever since day one—I don't know if you really listen—we always use live keyboards, we try to blend it in. Yeah, live bass guitars 'n' shit. But you know, sampling is like the original form of hip hop, so once you take that away... it sounds funny if you just use keyboards and some corny shit. It's missin' something. That dirt, that funk...

The drums...

Yeah the drums exactly.

So in '94 you guys were all about "Lick the Pussy," and in '97 it was "Gimmie the Ass," so in 2002 is it gonna be "Jiggly Them Titties"?

Titties all the time. Every show we bring girls on stage and make them flash titties.

But are you gonna have a song dedicated to the titties, you think?
 I mean it's possible. [*Ed's note: in 2002 hez be all about spread that man's a-hole and mount him with a ginormous skin weapon*].

Do you guys carry guns, or did you ever carry guns?

Nah, I don't carry no gun.

Moonshine: Not unless you got a license.

I just ask because of what happened with Big L and Biggie. Up here in Canada we don't have as many guns. I mean, earlier this year someone in the hip hop community was shot. That just doesn't really happen here. Do you feel scared like you've gotta carry a gun for protection?

Nah, I don't carry guns for that reason because if you even look at me stupid, what's the first thing that's gonna come to mind? "What, what you say? Who you lookin' at?" So I I don't have that gun, I'm not gonna react that way. So that's stupid to me. We pack guns, we keep 'em at home for the real problems. You know, for protection. Not to walk around bein' a badass.

By Mook

Does one of you handle the beats and the other the loops, or is there no method to the madness?

We both have our own equipment at home, our own little set-up. When we get to the real studio and when we listen to each other's shit, we just pick each other's best beats.

What kind of equipment do you use?
 The 2000 XL keyboards, all that shit man. Live we got bass guitars, we got drums.

Do you guys do any of that yourselves?

Yeah, I got bass guitars at my own house. I mean, I don't play it like I could get on stage and rip it down, but I'll play what I need to hear, you know.

How did you guys hook up with Greg Nice?

Greg Nice, that's an old friend of mine. Man, we go way back to before we was, I was even Beatnuts. I was just hangin' on the streets back in the days. They used to front on us—at least me—to get inside the clubs 'cause dress code or age or whatever the problem was at that time, they used to front on me. So what I used to do is bring my radio and put it across the street. I used to chill in front of the club with the radio and get beers and talk to shorties. So that's how I met him on the street. One day he was comin' into the club and I was playin' his song [*sings something I don't recognize*] on my radio. We was rockin' in the streets, me and my boys. Smokin' blunt, whatever, you know, and ever since that day he seen me and was like, "Yeah, this niggaz's real."

Were you just freestyling and what not in a little cipher or whatever?
 Nah, no ciphers. He just stepped to me like, "What up, what up!" I was a big fan of his.

Like nice and smooth?
 Yeah it was the nice and smooth days. It was kick with the rhyme like a fortune-teller sings and den you know den.

Does he have a solo one coming out or anything?
 He has a compilation that he's putting together now with a couple of his artists, and he's on it too. Same thing with me. I got my own record label comin' out with my own artists and Juju too. He got Junkyard Music and I got Pat Fight Records that's about to drop in a minute. Next year you should be hearing it. Right now we in the studio makin' it hot-hot. Just imagine, hot Beatnuts tracks with new talent, fresh hungry niggas just killin' it.

So you gonna get some unsigned hype in there?
 Yeah, I got two R'n'B groups that's crazy. A girl and a guy, and I got two girls that spit flames. They Spanish too, so that's rare. You don't really be seein' Spanish girls that spit. It's always a Black girl.

Angie Martinez or whatever.
 Angie's comin'. I'm talkin' 'bout girls that spit fire. Fire, yeah, what... this, that... uuh, fire. Time to take control man. This fuckin' label's whack man. Loud.

You don't like it?
 It's whack man. They bustin' my ass for what? They don't give a fuck about us. They don't promote us at all. They don't even want to give us a second video.

Not to dis you or anything but I'm still feelin' the first LP the most. I like the new one but, I wonder, were you under a lot of pressure to release another album?

Oh yeah. That's why we named the album *Take it or Squeeze It* because they was rushin' us like a yo-yo. So finally we just put anything together and was like here, take it or squeeze it.

You guys were one of the first groups to put a spin on the old Blue Note covers, like with your logo. Now everybody's doin' it, so what do you think of that?

Everything is like that man. After the World Famous Beatnuts came the World Famous Beatjunks, then the Beatminerz. What was the first "beat" anything? The only beat that I know of that was before was the Beatles. That's how the world works. They'll bite a little bit and like Rakim said, "Take pieces and bits of all my hip hop bits, get your style down paid and know it's time to switch." You do your own thing now.

Moonshine: That's why we got to keep innovating man. We got to come up with new shit.

So your plan is to release everything independently from now on?
 I think when we do our own thing I'll be more serious about this shit. I used to be serious about this shit, now it's like I don't even give a fuck about this album this label, nothin'. Everybody out there that's tryin' to get on: do it yourself man. Independence is better, man.

At this point Greg Nice comes into the back of the bus with his mouth full and offers us some string cheese. We proceed to politic about top secret breaks while Greg drops a nice beatbox.



kuttin' kandi

interviewed by lindsay sung

It's a fucking crime that you hardly ever hear about female DJs and MCs, whether they're NOT in magazines or NOT invited to perform at a venue near you, no time soon. So when I caught a glimpse of this year's sharp-looking Under The Volcano poster, I was spiritually excited to see that Kuttin' Kandi, a Filipina female hip hop DJ from NY, was coming to perform for the party people of Vancouver. Not only does Kandi perform solo, but she also jams with an all-female crew called The Anomalies. I had a chance to catch speak with Kandi, getting a better sense of who she is, why she does what she does, and what we can expect from her when she comes to perform in our city. Power jam this mother one time.

DISORDER: I read in an interview that you watched your father and others DJ for years and you were secretly practicing. What was the reaction when everyone realized you could DJ too?

The reaction of everyone the first time I showcased was I believe it was the very first open turntables event thrown by "TableTurn" at the NuYoric in '97 pretty overwhelming. Before I went up, I knew I was nervous as hell. I mean, here I was going up to scratch and beat juggle, it was more than just DJing a party, 'cause these people were not dancing, they were WATCHING, OBSERVING, AND CRITICIZING. When a group of skilled DJs come together, you know you have to be more than your best, 'cause they're there to critique you. I'm sure to be impressed by you. And if you don't impress them, well, you can almost imagine how scared I was

"people think we make money, we have money, and just because i end up on tv a magazine or because i'm doing tours they think i got it made. i'd like to laugh in their face because sometimes they want to be me or to live my life."

at the time. I was shaking so crazy, but when I just started breaking down beats and kuttin' it up, something they haven't seen since Symphony, Pam, Lazy K, and Jazzy, they just started cheering and ahhh! Then all the nervous feelings went away. I knew I had made it to the safe zone. I was now in that "circle," I was on their side. So yeah, acceptance is so important in the battlefield. If there were anyone else, I wouldn't care, but DJing and being a woman, I knew I had to "belong." I had to show them they couldn't sleep on women. They couldn't sleep on me, so I had to fit in. I had to be good and yes, even better, otherwise I was gonna starve out there. So, yeah that night I won them over, and little did I know that this was going to be a constant battle, something I'll probably be fighting for the rest of my life, whether it's in hip hop, on the tables or just life in general.

How and why did the all-female crew, The Anomalies, come together?

The crew Anomalies came together because we felt there was a need for women to unite and put together positive hip hop music. We felt that there wasn't enough women uniting. So we came together in hopes to break the stereotypes of women in hip hop. In reference to a quote of yours, "It is our duty to bring back the true essence of hip hop and give back to the community," what has happened in your life that has given you such a strong sense of community/political involvement?

A lot has happened to me within the past few years that made me have a different outlook on life and it has changed my inner being, my inner soul. I think the turning point where these changes started was when my father got sick with cancer, and experienced two years of ongoing traumatic treatments, and then sadly, he passed away. From those moments I began to realize how valuable life was, how short life was, how important it was to partake in life's growth. I experienced so much after my father's death, such as being robbed, then my family being caught in financial debt due to extreme medical bills, family problems etc. I mean I grew up having everything. If you really look at my life, I was brought up having everything served to me on a silver platter. I was brought up in a nice neighbourhood, with such good surroundings, but I also grew up going to school in the projects, from kindergarten to the toughest high school in Queens. Had friends who were brought up in the ghettos and really, did live tough lives. You would think that being around my friends it would make me realize what I had and how grateful I should be, right? Wrong, I wanted to belong, to

fit in. I wasn't satisfied with my life. Then from my father suffering, dying, then being robbed, my mom losing her job of 22 years, our life made a huge turning point. Everything was stripped away from us. Money, jobs, even friends, everything was gone. It was then that I really knew the difference between "wanting and needing." Sometimes I think it's kind of harder, having been brought up living with luxury and then losing it all, then having been born without luxury. Because when you're born without those things, you learn to fend for yourself whereas if you weren't born into it, you have to learn to adapt to it which is never easy. Who knows, maybe I am lucky to have at least experienced all those fine things, at least I have memories from them. The sad thing is, at the time of having those things, I just never realized how vain I was to recognize what I did have. After I got robbed, I stopped wearing anything material, even jewelry. I just don't want to be attached to anything material anymore. I just can't. I have learned to be able to have "things" but not be so material about it, to be attached. Once I do, I become owned to materialism, which is something I never want to be a part of again. Even 'til this day, we're constantly struggling trying to keep our house from foreclosing on us. We're in the middle of selling our house to get off our debt. People think we make money, we have money, and just because I end up on TV, a magazine or because I'm going tours they think I got it made. I'd like to laugh in their face because sometimes they want to be me or to live my life.

Wouldn't they like to know how I worry everyday how I'm going to pay this bill, to pay that, yet worry everyday that I don't have to end up selling my turntables in order to keep money in my pockets. 'Cause God knows I'd rather die than to have that ever happen to me! But it's like that everyday for me, and my family. And when someone comes up to me, because they do, ask me "How much do you make as a DJ?" I just laugh, 'cause even if I do make enough money, it doesn't last, it goes straight to those collectors. I've seen both sides of the world, and none of this matters. I share this personal life of mine to all of those who read this because I want you to know none of it matters. With and without money, life is too short, and that's why I DJ today. 'Cause life is too short if I don't do something I love doing. That's why I am involved in so many important political and community issues. Life is too short to be without love, to be without family, to be without friends, to be without hip hop, to be without my turntables! But I believe I've never been happier, for I know what I have learned these last few years, what I have seen, what I have experienced, and what I have accomplished, I know my father would have been proud. I got it made. This is where "belong," this is my "acceptance," with these turntables, with hip hop.

What is your scratching style?

I don't really have a specific scratching style. I just go with the flow. I do know I'm definitely not like a lot of the great scratchers today. I just like to go with the flow, feel the music and become part of it.

Tell us about the racial make-up of the hip hop scene you hang out in. The underground scenes always seem to be much more diverse than mainstream ones. Why do you think that is?

Well, yeah, underground hip hop definitely welcomes anyone and everyone. It is also open to all sorts of cultures and other artforms, etc., unlike mainstream. You see, I really don't like to divide hip hop like this underground and mainstream hip hop. It should just be plain HIP HOP. Unfortunately, this is the case because a lot of great artists who are in the underground rarely get a chance to make it mainstream. In my opinion, I believe the reason for this is because it takes a while for the mainstream to understand the cultures that are existent, be it the music, artform, or other races that are involved. However, I believe given time, it will change. Hip hop is meant to evolve, everything is meant to evolve, I can only hope it can evolve in ways where the traditions of hip hop will stay constant and preserved.

Apart from DJing, what other sorts of things are you involved in, politically or otherwise?

Well, politically... I'm involved with many organizations such as The Gabriela Network, which is an organization that has a campaign to stop the sex-trafficking of women and children in the world. I've also been involved with many other organizations such as Refuse And Resist, CAAAV, FAHSL... I mean the list goes on. I'm always open to helping out any political issues, as long as I believe in their cause, and if I have done the research on the issues. I also throw my own fundraisers and benefits. This year, I'm doing a fundraiser for St Joseph's orphanage who are trying to supply the children in India who are in need of supplies (clothes, shoes, etc.) who have suffered greatly from the earthquake. I try to be involved as much as possible, but not to the point that I also forget my musical interests. Also, many people do not know that I also write poetry/spoken word. I've always been writing poetry since I was a child. It's something I don't always share with anyone, only because its more personal with me. Once in awhile I'll hit an open mic, but it's very rare that I do. My poetry releases my feelings, my inner-beings, and helps me to express a lot of my political views. Name some up and coming or solid female DJs or hip hop artists that we should look out for.

Of course you should look out for my crew Anomalies. Also look out for MC Joan Grae (formerly known as What What of Natural

Resources). As far as DJs you should look out for Symphony and Coy from LA, DJ Shortee from Atlanta, Georgia, if you haven't already heard of her. DJ Killa Jewel from Montreal. Back in NY, there's the girls that nobody really knows about, like my homiegirl DJ Reborn. There's ELowe, Mokka Sunshine. Then there are DJs who are already known bigtime like Kiozi, Lazy K, Jazzy Juge, Beverly Bond. BUT DEFINITELY look out for my homiegirl, my all-time favorite DJ Cocoa Chanelle of Hot 97. A lot of people sleep on her just because she's on a mainstream radio station, but she's really cool peoples, and she is definitely talented and really tremendously skilled on the tables. Me and her about to get down on doing stuff together.

In the documentary film on women in hip hop, Nobody Knows My Name, the director, Rachel Raimid, showed a diverse range of women in the industry: rhyming, scratching, producing. The overall feel of the documentary was positive; it showed women doing their own thing and being successful in the face of sexism, racism and class issues. If you've seen the film, how relevant is it to your own life as a female, Filipina hip hop DJ?

I've seen the film *Nobody Knows My Name*. It's a beautiful film on women in hip hop. I only wish it captured females out in NY. However, overall it's a GREAT film and it's about time that something like this was done. As far as being relevant to my life as a female DJ, yeah I would have to say everything in the film relates to me. The struggles, the hardship, the sexism—everything. When I was watching this film I felt their pain, and I didn't have to put myself in their shoes because I was in their shoes. I experienced the same.

Who or what has most inspired you as a musician and an artist?

My father, my father is my musical influence... he was a real huge music lover. We used to spend our weekends listening to music together. Also my grandfather, although there was a huge language barrier between me and him. He somehow was always able to communicate with me, he often reminisced and talked about his days of playing the sax in a jazz band back in the Philippines. Another huge influence to me was my boyfriend and partner DJ Rolli Rho. He inspired me to be the DJ that I am today, without him I wouldn't be here. •

Kuttin' Kandi plays the mainstage at Under The Volcano, Sunday, August 12 at Cates Park in North Vancouver.

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Elevator.

by Ben Lai

Elevator To Hell, Elevator Through Hell, Elevator Through and now Elevator. Very few bands go through as many name changes as Elevator. The Moncton-based group began as an experimental side project for Rick White and his wife Tara while he was still in the much beloved band Eric's Trip. When Eric's Trip broke up in 1996, Mark Gaudet (drummer of Eric's Trip) was integrated into Elevator and the band became a full-time business. Being a long time fan of Eric's Trip and Elevator, I was lucky enough to have the chance to speak with Rick before their show in Vancouver at the Starfish Room.

DISORDER: So you are in the middle of a western Canada tour, how is it so far? **Rick:** Good. We feel really together lately, you know, like a little triangle. It's been going kind of neat, you know. The shows aren't huge... it's kind of refreshing. Most of our fans are just real fans, but it's not like there are a million of them. It's small but they are quite into us, so it feels really good. And we've been playing good this tour.

This is the first time you have been in Vancouver in two years?

Yeah. This is the first time we've been out past Ontario in two years. Our record came out in October last year so we kind of blew it. We decided to wait 'til the spring.

Why is that?
We kept going out in the winter. It's just too scary to be on the roads.

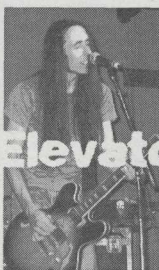
So this is basically the official tour for A Taste Of Complete Perspective?

Yeah, for our last record and what we are doing next. We have written a lot of new stuff, but we are doing a lot of the songs off our last record anyways.

Is a new album coming out anytime soon?

Hopefully. I would like to do a single really soon, just have to find someone who would put it out. Going to start working on an album as soon as we get back from the tour. The Elevator thing is such its own entity now, so we'll probably just evolve on that. Sometimes I perceive us as going too far out and we won't be popular at all, but we'll still be making demos. **[Laughs.]** You know, I always like to keep different angles going. I have a bit of a harder angle in the winter playing with some of The Sadies guys and an old rock band. Just trying to keep myself entertained so Elevator can be purely what it is. Hopefully it'll work. **[Laughs.]**

You want to tell people about all those name changes and the reasons behind it one more time?
I guess it was all happening when Eric's Trip broke up. On



Elevator

our first tour as Elevator To Hell, the posters would always say "From Eric's Trip." So we started making fun of that and we thought we'll just keep changing the name as it will be "Formerly... Formerly... Formerly..." until we saw this poster one night that had about five names on it. And we thought "Okay, that's enough." **[Laughs.]** It always reminds me out when it's the same people and the same music almost but just because your name is different you have a third of the people in the crowd. Eric's Trip has gotten to be such a known name.

How has Teenage USA been treating you guys?

Good. It's more refreshing to be with them because we were at Sub Pop for about seven years and it kept getting more and more boring. It's like when you go out with someone too long and you are not meant to be life partners. So we started not paying attention to each other for years and then we just kind of broke up. We're like, "I think we are going to leave," and they're like, "I think you should anyways."

So it's not a bitter breakup?

Just a breakup. They gave us a lot of records and vinyl so they did a lot of good things for us. But now to be with Teenage is better because we didn't even sign anything. It's just a handshake deal. There are two guys that mainly run it, both friends of ours. It's way more personal. They didn't give us any money to make the records or we don't owe them any money. It's just a refreshing change.

I was at the Teenage USA showcase at Lee's Palace in Toronto back in June. They have a pretty diverse roster. The Weekend and Robin Black are quite different than you. The Weekend is very pop and Robin Black is the glam kind of thing. Teenage USA just put out people they like and the music they kind of get into.

Are there bands on the label that you listen to often?
Not really, but we are not too into our peers. We try to stay separate minded from everybody so we can just make our

pure kind of music. We listen to "historical music," but I don't listen to many new bands.

Speaking of historical music, a lot of people like to compare Elevator to early Pink Floyd. Is it something you agree with?
You can compare us to that, but I think it's just because of the mental space we are in. I think LSD influenced us a lot for a while. I'm trying to not do that anymore. **[Laughs.]** So you know our headspace has gotten into the same place for a while, I think it just brings you in tune with nature and we want to try to let our music become natural. Our last record has field recordings we've done live mixed in with it. And the structures of the songs we didn't learn—we recorded the songs each about eight times with random structures and then picked the best ones. I don't know, it's such a natural way to record. Not many bands do that either. It's out of place, but I think it helped us come across different anyways.

The last album had a nature theme to it. With sounds of birds chirping and song titles like "The Animals" and "Driftwood."

Well, after all the confusion for years we finally got what the cover said—A Taste of Complete Perspective. We got close to understanding the meaning of nature and life and who we are, but you never know for sure. So you always get a hint and it keeps you thinking on. I guess that's what it represents to us. Hopefully our next record will be Perspective. But I'm still confused. **[Laughs.]**

So the Eric's Trip reunion tour is going to be happening in August. How did that come about? It's happening right?
Yeah, I think so. Eric's Trip is pretty unstable as a band, but I think we've all grown up enough now that we can finally do it. Took six years to finally do our last tour. **[Laughs.]** It is kind of a replacement for the tour we cancelled back in '96. We were just going to do a couple shows and then we thought we might as well do that tour that we missed. We always felt kind of bad about that. We are just going to do it for old times' sake and it'll be kind of fun. Probably go right back to '93 kind of stuff. Go fast and let it out again.

Have you been rehearsing Eric's Trip material?

No. We are planning not to rehearse, really, just hoping to sit back into it. We might get one or two practice in, but I think it will be easier if we just go for it. You know, more true or something.

You can find Elevator at http://www.teenageusa.com or www.ing.com. Eric's Trip will be playing August 19th in Vancouver at the Starfish Room.

100 KIER

BY L. SONG AND H. TERPITE

We watched *Udo Kier* glide smoothly away from us, *cha cha ching* down sunny Robson Street in his mirrored sunglasses, khaki puntalon, and tight black t-shirt. Minutes before, we had just finished interviewing him in the lobby of the Georgia Hotel, where he politely answered our questions about his 30-year-plus film career. Udo Kier has been in over one hundred films and is recognized worldwide for his work in both obscure art films, 1970s horror films, and present-day blockbusters. Plus, he's worked with Madonna. He uses in town for a brief stint as a guest speaker at this year's *Cinequest Horror Film Festival*. At the end of the interview, Udo asked us what we studied, what we were interested in, and then promptly sent us off like two giggling, excited little schoolgirls. *Jump* 1001.

DISCORDE: As an actor, what is it about the horror genre that you find attractive? **Udo Kier:** Well, I think it's the other way around, the horror genre finds me attractive. Because when I made *Dracula* and *Frankenstein* in nineteenth-century London, I was one of the hundred and seventy three for Andy Warhol, directed by Paul Morrissey, that was the first horror film I'd ever worked on, and since then so many people offer me films in that genre. I like it because it's fantasy, it's amusing, it's a sense of humour, if they have a sense of humour. And I think it's cultural. I can see that, if you go on my website, www.udokier.de, from Germany. They have amazing material, and all the letters I have written in according to the internet, I have made over a hundred films. They know more about me, anyway, than I do. All the letters are from the horror genre.

Are you somewhat of an obscure cult film star, and people can get quite obsessive about those kind of stars, so we were wondering what is the weirdest thing anyone has ever done to you?

The weirdest thing that I have to be careful of what I'm saying because once, because in the website there is a woman from Australia, and she has my picture of the vampire tattooed, and I said "How far can you go?" and two months later I got a letter from a university in Australia from a woman who is a professor, and it's her. And she said she'd read the interview and I just want to tell you that I am the woman, and saying how far people can go. She just likes vampires; there wasn't any harm. I think, that's just like

going very far. It's an honour, because I've never had a tattoo and I imagine that they are very painful. People go far, I had one fan, from Philadelphia, I was living in Rome and moved to Paris, so she went to Rome and had her picture taken in front of my house, went back to America, and sent me the picture. You know you have people put flowers in front of my house. So they find out where you live. As long as they don't shoot me, I don't care. If they shoot I hope they're good shooters. I don't want to be paralyzed and live.

Compare working on a low budget film, to doing big Hollywood films. What's the difference?

The difference is the money. The money is the difference. I like to do both, I like to do films with Lars von Trier, which compared to *Armageddon* budget, is nothing. I also like to do big movies because one's good for the other. I'll do a big commercial movie, like *Blade* or *Armageddon*, I get recognized around the world, which makes me bankable for films and more people know me. So, if I want to get an advance on a director who has a wonderful script, and you see I'm intelligent, I'll attach my name to it. Then they will fund it. If you only make art movies it's very difficult. If you only go around the world and make a film in Paris and in Denmark, then you become known in a world of *Cineaste*, where people who like good films are. But you won't have any commercial value.

Can you tell us about the film project *Dimenstion*?

Well I'm not allowed to talk about it. I can only tell you that we already have seven years that we shot every year about three minutes, and it opens in the year 2024. It will be very interesting for the audience because Lars von Trier doesn't like make-up so the actor will be getting older, like in 90 minutes, the actor will age 30 years. It's interesting because you open a door and go into the next room and you look 10 years older, then you go to the next room and you are 20 years older. It's like 2001. I'm not allowed to talk about it.

Who else is in it?
Jean-Marc Barr is in it. Stellan Skarsgård, who was in *Breaking The Waves* in it. Jean-Marc Barr and myself have been in it from the start. We started shooting in 1994, in Cannes when we were there for Europa. Lars von Trier is a genius, and he always is very strict. The *Dogma* films are a great help to everyone in the world who has talent, to

make a film with no money. So if you set it really well up you can make for a couple of hundred dollars, a *Dogma* film. So what happens if someone dies?

Luckily no one has died yet. Let's touch wood. I said that I give permission to shoot my funeral, and have someone, like a sperm, have somebody from there continue. So my spirit will come out of me like in the kingdom and continue living.

It's interesting with the *Dogma* films, you're getting people like Harmony Korine making *Dogma* films, it's almost as if there is a fad to go back to the basics of filmmaking.

Yes that's what the basic idea about it. You make a film only with the light, which is there, you play music, which is played at the moment where you are. For young people to make a film it's amazing, even if it's not to get a certificate from them to be a *Dogma* film, it's still the idea. I started my own film *Dogma 7*, I stopped it because it wasn't organized and I trusted too many people, the biggest problem is the music in a *Dogma* film because if you are in a room and there is music, you have to really use it. You cannot cut it. It's good I like that. It's a very intelligent idea, the *Dogma* film. Every young filmmaker should be very strict. Thank Lars von Trier for making it really respectable. Because anybody can do *Dogma*. And because Lars von Trier is so highly appreciated by film critics around the world, so they really believe what he says. I don't think people will be interested in *Dogma 358*, I think after 19-20, it's like how does it look after 21? I think it's just at the moment interesting. What is a good interest for people?

What sort of music interests you?
If you know MTV, I just did the latest video with Eve, it's number one. I did a film video.

There's also that whole video director/film director cross over thing.

I did do Madonna videos, *Deeper And Deeper* and *Erotica*. I do any videos where I like the music. I like the work of young people. It keeps me young. If you move around young people and work with young stars like Eve, then you are there. As long as you can move physically, you can go to the next level. Otherwise you are boring.

Tell us about Madonna!

I like Madonna because she is one of the most amazing women there is in show business. I think she would be a fan for so long. She started in such a simple way and is becoming

more and more respected and more and more setting trends. If Madonna has dark hair and tattoos everyone goes with it. It's always the right moment. She did the Sex book with me, she called me and wanted to meet me and asked me to do the book with her, and I said of course I would because it was a provocation. You see, to be living with tons of young people you cannot do it without provocation.

The whole Sex book was a total provocation. It sold millions of copies, the whole marketing of this book was so incredibly designed, so that bookstores would sell out in a day, so everyone was talking about it. The pictures are beautiful even though it is not the best fashion, or whatever. It's amazing that she is 42 and has these two babies and she still has this energy. She's doing a concert, every night doing a world tour, jumping around. It will be a big spectacular show. I hope I get to see her. I like Madonna. I made a movie with Pamela Anderson, I've worked with Anna Nicole Smith. I love the blonde women. They are so typical of society in America, it's like Barbie doll. All of the sex symbols have been blonde. It's because they are more photogenic on film. It's more artificial. Through your connection with Madonna and Gus van Sant you've become sort of a gay icon.

No, I don't think so.
Oh yes you are!

I don't think so, I think it's just that I work with the right people. People like Madonna. It's what people like to say. A lot of people like the provocation. I think I like the people who provoke. I don't provoke but my friends do.

Alright... here's some goofy questions to finish this thing. What's your favorite food?
Garlic. I love garlic.

If you were an animal, what kind of animal would you be and why?

I would be a monkey. Because monkeys are a lot like people. They act like people, and I am an actor. So I would be a monkey.

If you were a fruit what kind of fruit would you be and why?
If I were to be a vegetable I would be asparagus, green asparagus because it's low in calories. A fruit I would be a lemon. I would be a lemon, because lemon juice is exquisite, lemons are very refreshing, they are beautiful, and you squeeze it on fish and it is very delicious.

Baba Yaga—Devil Witch

Rita Yaga—Devil Witch

Baba Yaga—Devil Witch, the 1973 Italian film by director Corrado Ferrini, like the classic Italian vampire film, makes a frightening spectacle of the sexy, independent woman—a monster with cleavage who preys on wide-eyed innocence in order to witch-poo her way into young girls' beds.

Based on the graphic novel *Valentina* by Guido Crepax, *Baba Yaga* brings the Russian folktale of the witch who lived in a house with chicken legs into a cosmopolitan Italy in the 1960s. The film tells the story of Valentina, a hip, young photographer whose gay lifestyle is interrupted one night when she is almost run over by Baba Yaga's posh car, a sure stand-in for a snoring, black sedition at midnight. *Baba Yaga* (played by American actress Carroll Baker, who spent time in Europe making trash films but later returned to America to make quality films such as *Kindergraben* [Gp]) becomes obsessed with Valentina, flirting by casting a spell that makes Valentina's camera kill people and by giving her a posh doll dressed in SM gear.

Valentina does not seem particularly turned on by whole thing but has been mesmerized and is drawn back to Baba Yaga despite a nightmare SM vision of sexual abuse, whipping and murder. But, like many of the lesbian-motif movies of this time, there never really is any girl on girl action, and Valentina eventually just gets a gorilla guy to save her by helping her push Baba Yaga down the hole in the floor to hell. Hardly far, considering all the lady wanted was some sweet T 'n' A.

Although a trash film, *Baba Yaga* borrows from the kitsch of giallo film, a style of cult film known for its mixture of violence, sex and surrealism that was popular from the late '60s to late '70s, and which undoubtedly influenced the screaming-naked-girls horrors that showed up in America in the next decade. I am normally not a big fan of horror but this was a good choice by *Cinequest* organizers, because being scared is way more fun if you can be turned on at the same time.

Jon McNeely

Death Smiles On A Murderer

Dir: Arliss Massaccesi

From the description of this film the *Cinequest* program, I was expecting a lot of blood. All I got was the goofiest camerawork, the goofiest acting and some corn

syrup splattered in people's faces. Oh, yes, also a bunch of funny sound effects, such as a cat going loco ding on a hubbubbed, hulking brother's visage. The sound reminded me of what wakes me up at 4:32 a.m. approximately each morning, as I do live directly next door to Cat City NINE Cats. They got, at old Cat City, Cat City, where the cats come out at night, slink around, beat up raccoons, make co-coo meow-meow-in heat noises and lurk outside my window, hoping to catch a glimpse of my I'll Cat, Coco Chow Film. The film basically revolves around a mysterious, Russ Meyer breast-bled blonde and the nutty little way in which she drives the people around her totally bonkers, eventually getting her revenge. The plot is too silly to relay and pointless too because you should never try to seek this out, despite the two-naked-ladies-having-lesbian fun scene.

Lyndsay S.

Don't Look Now

Dir: Nicholas Roeg
I saw most of this film one time on television, years ago. It terrified me then. I missed the ending the first time around, and this time around, well, I remarked out "Holy shit, fucking Christ!" and held very tightly my movie partner beside me. *Don't Look Now* has an impending sense of terror. It mixes people's fears and misunderstandings of psychic ability and the horror of the supernatural, with the searing reality of the accidental drowning death of a young daughter. After the death of their daughter, the Baxters (played by Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie) go Venice as part of John Baxter's work as an art restorer. While abroad, Laura, the wife, meets a pair of sisters in a restaurant washroom. One of them is blind and psychic, telling them of the death of their daughter, the dead daughter, sitting between Laura and John. While Laura becomes more involved with the sisters, John keeps catching glimpses of a little figure running through the alleys of Venice, dressed in the same red slicker his daughter drowned in. Venice is the perfect setting for a film based on the fear of shadows and the unknown, surrounded by dark waters and even darker, claustrophobic alleyways. The camera works similarly to provide a paranoid viewing experience; shots are obscured by walls or beams and the camera hovers above heads, becoming some sort of a stalking force itself, evoking that terrifying feeling of being watched. *Don't Look Now* was a good choice for the *Cinequest* movie program, because for fans that "horror" doesn't always mean blood and gore.

Lyndsay S.

By tobias v with Rob Robot

Rob said he would be DJ Spooky if he didn't show up.
But Spooky did, arriving from a nappy in his hotel room. So
Rob asked a question instead of being DJ Spooky, and I tried to
counter Spooky's sophistication with super sophistry. Spooky, aka Paul
D Miller, began mixing not only records at an early age, but also records
with Theory (with a capital "T"). Coming out of Baudouin (one of the top 10
liberal arts colleges in the US), Spooky can free-associate any question into a recipe
for disaster. It's a beautiful thing to watch. Spooky has written a recent paper,
"Material Memories," for CTheory.com that delves into Time (with another capital "T"),
Surrealism, art (film, visual arts) and DJing. It's a post-modern mix and one of his casual
references is to black performance artist and hardcore Kantian, Adrienne Piper. Kant isn't
exactly the most tolerant philosopher: his possibly racist writings on Africans are usually dis-
counted. So Spooky's use of Piper jumps many contexts with attached cultural baggage. There is
a strange analogy at work between academics and DJs in their use of spliced references: (ab)using
context and situation to trigger memories conscious or unconscious. A DJ pulls records out of a bag,
an academic pulls quotes out of a text; and Spooky, he is doing both, often in the same medium.

DJ Spooky: I think she's an important voice, and I love her ideas around conceptual art, identity,
and installation art, especially when she deals with racial representation and the conceptual frames
of... She did this thing called "Funk Lessons"...

DISCORDER: Where she wore a Kant t-shirt and danced to funk music?

Yeah, and I thought it was a great idea, of dance and art, of art becoming dance, dance becoming art.
The idea of course is that you have people breaking the boundaries in situations. The one thing she is
into is this Immanuel Kant thing—I just don't get it, you know.

If Kant is Piper's philosopher, what's your philosopher of choice?

I'd say that I have a couple. I wouldn't know where to start or stop, really. Definitely I would go back to
early Greek stuff, Heraclitus, and the notion of flux and fragments and particles. Then there's people like
Lucretius, a more Roman kind of scene, old-school. Then, Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*, the Chinese philosopher
scene, the ideas around the notions of *feng shui* and the notions of placement. How you can have structures
of relationships and how that affects the mind, and the body and stuff like that. There's a whole West African
school of philosophy and art.... Really, a lot of that was around the notion of the oral tradition, if you look at
the traditions of Senegal, later sets of renditions of that: there's people like the jazz philosopher Allan Fiske. He
had a journal in Harlem during the '20s called *The New Negro*, a lot of the writing of the Harlem Renaissance—
he published their stuff. WEB Dubois, of course, and then later people like—you can really bounce a lot of stuff
through the Deleuze and Guattari angle, but in a more contemporary note I am looking more and more to
people like KRS One, and just different angles of dealing with how he is trying to create a school of philosophy.
I am fascinated with how he is dealing with oral culture. He started The Center for Hip-Hop Culture, where
he's doing all this stuff on the philosophy of rhymes. And of course Saul Williams; he is a good friend of mine.
So I like both of those two as contemporary philosophical kind of entities, you know.

[At this point, Rob Robot jumped in with a question on Ritual—before it was too late.] In the same paper, you were
talking about art as ritual, ritual being a part of art, so we could see DJing as being an art in itself. If ritual is
also an instrumental part in rites-of-passage, in different kinds of contemporary rites of passage and different
countries as well, how would you consider, say, what governs DJing's rites-of-passage? How would you fit in
with that? If that makes sense to you?

No, no—absolutely. You are looking at a generation that has grown up on the fragments of the detritus of the 20th
Century. I mean, everybody who was born mid '60s and beyond, we're the first generation of human beings to
grow up in a media atmosphere. I think DJing is like an archetypal situation at this point. It's like how people
pull together information, it doesn't just have to be music, it can be writing, it can be art, it can be theatre, it can
be—it's a mode, at this point. It's how the notion of collage has become our basic kind of frame of thinking.
The music is just a social reflection of what's going on in the culture. So the rite of passage for that is being able to
play with memory. Like most cultures you have, one way or another, at a certain age... you know, usually
they send the guys out in the forest, or hunt a lion, or if you're in Europe they would have, sort of weird hard
battles... if you were Irish you had to be able to tell the various stories and myths—every culture has these
kinds of rites of passage. A lot of it was around song, and how the community functions and passes infor-
mation between generations. But for us, all of that is totally fragmented. And I think that that is a healthy
thing because people have to build their own information, and so you're looking at... the real notion of
Generation X, and what all those guys are trying to push, is that all of a sudden you're looking at, kind of...
I don't know, there's a lot of the generational movies right now that I am fascinated with, stuff like

The Matrix, *Fight Club*. I love the way in *Fight Club*, where the guy's memory is all fucked up. Have you
seen *Memento*? And some of my more recent favourite films dealing with psychological fragmenta-
tion, and where the characters are like, "Wait a second, did I really do that?"—everybody I know's
memories these days, because everybody I know is using a Palm Pilot, their memory is kind of a
strange thing right now. Because we are all keeping track of so many websites, songs, file numbers,
phone numbers, email—you know, I remember a lot more people's names from their email than
their real name. It's just different ways of thinking about stuff. So, anyway, to make a long story
short, I think that the underground psychological aspect of DJing is to play with the fragments,
and make that become your overall—every DJ I know, my motto is like "Every DJ I know is
a walking radio station." You just have swarms of music. Usually the centre points of
memory—y'all remember this track, from back then, then some guy sampled it, and
flipped it this way, and then y'know... it's just like a community situation.

Within every ritual, there is always a power-play going on within certain events.

You mentioned Rukhsita as well, and the carnival, and the carnival is usually

just taking social order and flipping it, but maintaining it under a certain

power structure. So you never have a pure liberation, it's always main-

tained within a certain atmosphere—the history of carnival in terms of

the Church, blah blah. I was thinking, in terms of DJ culture, essen-

tially early hip hop events and early rave culture and the way

they took DJing, it seems like DJs really assume this power

position over a sort of carnivalesque atmosphere, where

social orders were flipped in terms of various peo-

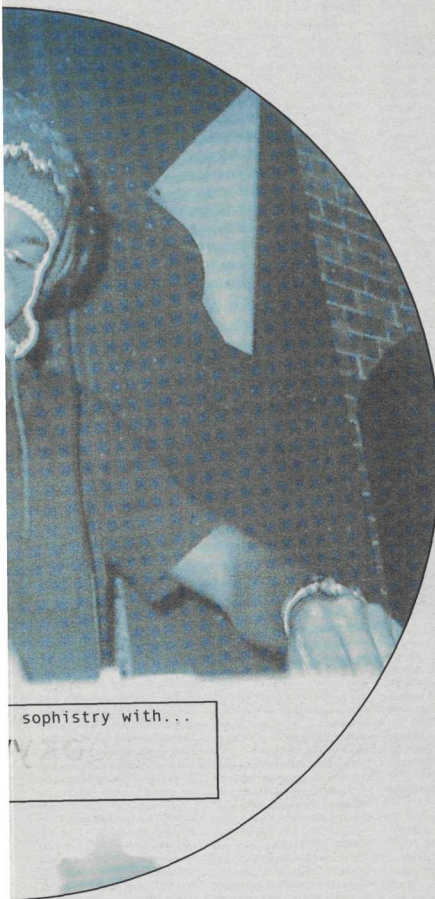
ple doing various things, but there was

never a liberatory push out of

that—there was never a



dj spooky



sophistry with...

revolutionary movement that came out of it in a sense as well.

As a DJ, do you see yourself placed in this power position in terms of being a "memory selector?" What sort of power-plays are you playing with when you are selecting memory fragments to send out to an audience in almost unconscious ways?

"Carnival," when you look at it etymologically, it means *carne rule*, "throwing of the flesh." It's the same root as *carnivore*, it's dealing with the issues of how people's bodies were reflected in the social environment, mainly around these kind of medieval festivals, where everybody would be wearing masks, robes, in the streets in Italy... it's just a wild scene when you think about it. But for us, "carnival" is everything from a football game or watching TV or listening to a radio to... DJing. I can't say it enough, it's a reflection of what's going on, I don't necessarily think that it's a power-dynamic. But of course you have more powerful DJs like Funk Master Flex who's got a radio show with millions of people listening, or you have the VJ on MTV being able to guide and sequence which tracks to work. I'm an underground, artsy guy, you know, so I'm doing this more as a hobby and a kick. So it's not my core life-zone. A lot of people view it as a power dynamic, and that's not why I am doing it all. I am doing it mostly as a conceptual art project. In terms of the power dynamics, you got to think about it as—think of the first mass rituals around the use of multimedia, guess who comes to mind: It's mostly like the way Leni Riefenstahl was able to document Hitler's huge events where he would have radio and TV broadcasts of the rallies. Radio, TV, all that stuff became popular precisely because people used it to filter out what was already popular, cipher it, translating it into stuff that they would be able to attach messages to.

Were you talking about DW Griffith in your essay...

Yeah, DW Griffith is one of my favorite reflections of that. His movie *Birth of a Nation* is one of the first multiple narrative movies, it's got the whole thing with film sets. I mean—"film set"—the guy went to World War I in Europe and said, "There's no drama here, I can't film this." So he came back to the US, and the US government hired him to make propaganda films about World War I. So instead of filming the reality of it, he made a film set of it, which, for us at least, when you think about the historical angle of how the film set operates, how many people have been to New York? But you don't really need to see New York anymore, because it's all just a post-card, or whatever.

It's all in Woody Allen films.

Yeah, Woody Allen is one of my favorite guys. But it's the same thing. There's a movie called *Dark City*. I didn't like elements of it, but I liked the idea of it. Where they are injecting memory and playing with the fragments. That's even what *Blade Runner* was about too. Some of my favorite writers and film directors who deal with that are like—I am fascinated how the notion of being able to live in many different times and at the same time: that's what DJing is kind of about. Being able to take all these fragments, and show people that it can work.

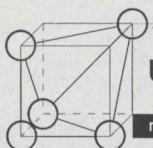
We now launch into a discussion that spans the breadth of "mixing"—how DJing is not just records, but a whole system of collage, from technology to eugenics and industrial production. But now it's becoming "post-industrial"—digital. Copies of texts can be made within seconds as opposed to rooms full of copy-monks taking years. Speed is accelerating to the post-industrial, and we talk about Paul Virilio and the absolute antiquity of George Bush, who continues to push Cold War technologies on the macro scale in a post-industrial age because it is to his monetary advantage, making cash selling useless mass warfare technology between right-wing cronies. "Information is everything from DNA on up to mixes," Spooky says, and it is the Industrialists who continue to attempt to regulate and suppress new information—from biotechnology to music and culture. That's what the last election was about—"Toxic Terror" Bush representing the Right-Wing Industrialists, the Information Technology guys on the side of the American Left...

Do you think that DJing is definitely post-industrial, in terms of time? I've been thinking that if DJing is recombinant logic, it is inherently stuck in more of a frame of deconstruction, as opposed to a rhizomatics of Deleuze and Guattari that might explode past that. You seem to be arguing that DJing allows you to move out of industrial-linear time completely, or at least play with it.

Yeah, pretty much. I mean the whole notion of "deconstruction"—I think we need a new name—it's mostly around living with, being able to move in many directions at the same time, omnidirectional, that's the whole Virilio thing. But even that's still a mostly European aesthetic. I am talking more about like African or Asian time, where their notion—if you look at West Africa, repetition, it was about prolonging the present. You had drumbeats going—like when you leave a nightclub you feel like, "Oh my God I've been here for five hours," but it feels like five minutes. That's psychological time. If you look at how a lot of European stuff, they're looking at Hegel, you've got history progressing towards the future, with Marx it was the same thing, he just put, instead of the City of God, the Worker's Paradise. These are cultures that are looking for technology as utopia. That's what World War II was about, the conflict of different dreams of utopia. The German model was purity; they wanted to get rid of everybody else, basically. America represented a different kind of utopia. And most of the information tech that we use came out of World War II—computers were used for encryption, radar. These were all massive number crunching issues of being able to take the mass systems of warfare and turn that into information. Can you imagine at this point—my watch for example—it has the same amount of technology that in the '60s would have required a whole room. My watch has more computing power than the computers that put the Apollo moon mission in orbit. It's getting smaller and smaller... once you get to the density where you get what's called "ubiquitous computing"—that's what William Gibson's stuff is about. There are a couple of other sci-fi writers whom I find fascinating who are dealing with the psychological aspects of living in an information environment. Did you ever read *Neuromancer*?

Oh yeah. Gibson lives up here... it's required reading. *

DJ Spooky is currently at work on a new mix CD called *Synchronia with material from DJ Hurricane, Ad Roc, DJ Hive, Talvin Singh, FSOL, Anti-Pop Consortium, and Sonic Youth* for starters. The next album is called *Jumbo-Mumbo*, and is an extension of *Riddim Warfare* with net-oriented and animation features. Then there's two books and a new zine based upon the more progressive aspects of ArtByte called *21C*. He's taking part in a conference on Deleuze at the Tate Gallery in London in September, and generally jetsetting his intellectual ass all over the planet while keeping his mind firmly in his palm.



under review

recorded media

59 TIMES THE PAIN

Calling the Public (Burning Heart/Epiphany)
Doing that Swedish rock 'n' roll with '60s roots and stylish suit thing, 59 Times the Pain really try but just can't live up to the skills of contemporaries like **The Hives** or **The International**. **Noisy Conspiracy**. Much like the hundreds of boy bands that must fall by the wayside in the Swedish pop industry, these guys have the right look, the right sound, and the right riffs, but they are still missing that certain something that should make them stand out. A tight rhythm section and a vocalist that sounds like Paul Weller can't save the band from mediocrity. This is pretty good, but not great. I'm sure they're quite good live, but this record just hasn't captured any real energy or spirit that gets my attention, and in this day and age of countless "rock n' roll" bands, that's really what 59 Times are going to need.

jsm

AMERICAN STEEL

Jagged Thoughts (Lookout)
American Steel play songs crafted in a smooth, post-punk style that draws inspiration from that old Motown sound, and the music is complemented by bittersweet lyrics about heavy drinking and being lonely. This album is absolutely wonderful, I mean Motown ballads with a punk rock vocal? Sounds like that same kind of superb formula that spawned **The Pogues**. A couple of the tracks miss the mark for me, but the stark beauty of perfectly crafted tunes like "Shapnel" and "Two Crooks" makes up for any slight weaknesses. "Broken like broken dreams and a fucked up heart/I've got a bottle of bargain Scotch and that's a start." This is music to drink to, or to quit drinking to. At least something involving pain. But good pain, the kind that creates good art. Definitely one of the best straight-up rock albums I've heard in a long time.

jsm

BELLE AND SEBASTIAN

Sing... Jonathan David (Matador/Jeepster)
Sometimes I get the impression that Belle and Sebastian are a science-fiction project. No, they do not sound like robots, but you probably already know that. What I mean is they make music that serves

as a time warp, a portal to the past. I don't mean that the songs remind me of a certain time, say two years ago, whirling on a bench in Amsterdam thinking "I'm going to die, I will never, ever do that again if I live" and having some girl from Vancouver tell me she's going to the Belle and Sebastian concert in Glasgow and me mumbling something about my then-boyfriend digging B&S while trying to sit up straight and thinking that travelling involves too much small talk, too much BS. No, I mean all four of their full-length albums sound the same, but different. And yet, the music never sounds dated, so you can't tell if the year is 1996 or 2001 or sometime in the mid-1970s. It just sounds like Belle and Sebastian. Happy, yet sad at the same time. Oxymoron much? Oh yeah, the three-song album. It starts off with the title track, "Jonathan David," which is complete with piano and wonky vocals. This made me think, "Ooh a departure from their usual 'I'm a boy in pain, love me' vocals." Then, the group led through a mellow soundscape I'd visited before. I experienced a total de-javu. Through each song is a subtle reinvention of their sound, Belle and Sebastian have covered this territory in their previous albums. Still, I love it. It's like hunting through thrift stores trying to find a pair of jeans that I owned before, but ruined because I wore them too many times. That's what the songs on *Jonathan David* are: new-old jeans. And I'm on my way to wearing them out and begging for more. Am I living in the past? No, I wouldn't want to die 1996 over again. But 2001 styled as 1996, I don't mind.

Dorella Lm

CLOUDDEAD

Clouddead (Big Dada)
If I read one more music review that contains the phrase "it seems like they have to work so hard to be interesting," I might be tempted to write then why don't they just shut down their fucking computers and stop boring us all with their fucking lack of insight or imagination?

Ahem. Having got that off his chest, your humble servant would like to venture that the trend towards lost-forewords pop journalism might be an upshot of genuinely bamboozling music's increasing promi-

nence. How, for example, is one to account for the existence of a record as peculiar as **cLOUDDEAD**?

Let's start with the facts. **cLOUDDEAD** is an underground hip-hop album compiling a series of 107 singles. It is the work of **Odd Nosdam**, **Why?** and **Dose One**, three artists most commonly associated with San Francisco's provocative Anticon collective (although this CD is issued by Ninja Tune offshoot Big Dada).

These tracks were apparently recorded during particularly traumatic periods in the trio's lives. As such, this compilation represents the latest refinement of an angst-ridden hip-hop style that has been developed by a loose-knit community of mostly white rap fanatics with their roots in the smalltown Mid West. Albums like **Deep Purple Dynamics** (*The Taste of Rain... Why Kneel?* [Anticon]), **Atmosphere's Overcast** (Rhymesayers), **Sonic Sum's The Sanity Annex** (Mush), and **Sole's Bottle of Humans** (Anticon) were all seminal in their wedding of traditional rap music to more emotional and atmospheric elements. But it was **Boom Bip** and **Dose One's Circle** (Mush) that finally severed the music's stylistic ties and ventured out onto a stormy ocean of doom-laden abstraction and oddball eclecticism.

Since then, the likes of **Sixto** and **So-Called Artists** have taken up the challenge of *Circle* and helped to create a specific new rap language increasingly separate from anything else in hip-hop, either over or under ground. Sadly, these recent developments have awakened the troubling spectres of cultural appropriation and musical stagnation.

Even in this light, **cLOUDDEAD** appears as a truly remarkable record born from a deep understanding of hip-hop's inner workings and a desperate need to keep innovating. I call it brave but, honestly, it seems like these guys are just doing what they have to do, regardless of the socio-cultural context in which they're doing it. Their inner convictions are so strong that they render the external context virtually irrelevant.

When faced with an expressionistic, bitterly hilarious sprawl of these proportions, it's really not so hard to explain why such a strange record is able to come into existence: these things just have to be.

Sam Macklin

FENNEZS

Endless Summer (Mego)
Strictly speaking, I don't think you're ready for this jelly. Still, it's rare that an album comes along which you just have to tell people about. In fact, most music released today just sounds horribly generic. It's as if musicians have started to feel that the most they can do is adequately represent their chosen genre, rather than transcend it. The best music to emerge recently has come from people who have opened up the premature closures of musical form, laughed scornfully at its aesthetic limitations and had a damn good time doing so.

On the EQ+ (Tigerbeat6) and **Oval's** truly astounding **Ovalcomes** (Thrill Jockey) have rejected the austere, cerebral nature of most abstract electronic music in favour of shameless, noisy pop. These last two records have hinted at a crucial and important new approach to music. This is a type of digital psychedelia which thrives on flux and contradiction; which refuses to be tied down to constricting formalism; which shows no mundane purpose in its pursuit of sheer sonic abandon. **Oval's** process-focussed **Markus Popp** would doubtless react with an optimistic appraisal but after hearing Christian Fennetz's third solo full-length, **Endless Summer**, I am more convinced than ever that electronic music has turned an important corner in the year 2001.

Fennetz is an Austrian musician who began his career as an avant rock guitarist. Even though he has since made his reputation as a "laptop musician" the electric guitar is, by all accounts, still the major sound source on his recordings.

Over the last few years, these recordings have documented Fennetz's perfecting of a musical form that eschews traditional rhythm and harmony in favour of highly textured threads of sound. By 1999's formidable **Plus Forty** *Seven Degrees 56 37' minus Sixteen Degrees 51 08'* (Touch) he'd pretty much cracked it.

But the release that most fans of digital music seem to remember most fondly is **Fennetz's** (Moka) single on which he created "overheated" **The Rolling Stones'** "Paint It Black" and—prophetically—**The Beach Boys'** "Don't Talk (Put Your Head on My Shoulder)". Here the disquieting laptop language of clicks, glitches, drones and hisses are counter-pointed with the comforting-but-melancholy certainties of '60s pop harmony.

Perhaps sensing that people like this kind of thing and that it might be a little bit more "quite frankly" might be time to lighten up a little, Fennetz has provided his "home" label—Vienna's estimable Mego—with a whole

album of the stuff. Yes indeed, it's time for music lovers to rejoice because—from Tina Turner's lovey retro ballad sleeve art to the closing pops and crackles of "Happy Audio"—**Endless Summer** is a bona fide classic; a significant and profoundly enjoyable piece of work.

It starts off slowly. "Made in Hong Kong" is a restrained take on Fennetz's usual textured amorphousness. But he doesn't wait long to hit us with the mother load. Soon the title track roars off to launch itself on a mission to encapsulate everything that makes this album truly great. Throughout this languidly sprawling epic, plangent acoustic guitar chords are repeatedly attacked by swarms of decrepit digital noise. Again and again they emerge to astonish the listener with their unfettered emotional directness.

What's crucial here is this simple fact: beauty is more keenly felt when it's under threat. So, rather than shattering the harmony, Fennetz's harsh timbres actually accentuate it. This is crucial given the album's relation to the Wilson brothers (**Endless Summer** was also the title of a 1974 Beach Boys compilation). At their best, Brian and company underscored their tales of sunny joy and childhood innocence with a creeping melancholy and a resigned sense of dread. In this context, the title takes on an ironic aspect—it becomes an impossible dream, an autumnal reverie.

This yearning melancholy may be a result of Fennetz's experiences as a married man in demand at art/music festivals across the world. Titles like "Got to Move On" and "Before I Leave" call up images of Christian on the beach in, say, Melbourne, using the laptop to email his far-off wife and kids. Long may he yearn for them if the upshot is that he keeps pitting his expert noise manipulations against wistful vibrato-melodies ("Caecilia") and surging Hammond organ chords ("Before I Leave")—we're all a lot better off for it.

It's true—the work is a considerably better place because of the existence of this record. Album of the millennium.

Sam Macklin

DAVID FISCHOFF

The Ox and the Rainbow (Secretly Canadian)
Close your eyes. Wait, you can't do that if you want to continue reading this review. Here's a better idea: close your third eye, close your remaining eyes and breathe. Let the voice of David Fischoff carry you from the depth of your crazy, whirlwind, campus radio listening life to the respectable world of chants and rhythmic ballads in the third person's perspective. Sounds painful? I sympathize. Sounds like your cup of tea? Check it out, especially if you're

into intelligent lyrics. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go change the fuse on my third eye.

Ram E.

FLIPPER

Blow'n Chunks (ROIR)
I don't know what it is about Flipper that makes their short career seem much more pertinent today. Perhaps Flipper's time has finally come, but I doubt it. For whatever reason ROIR records has finally released this classic, and formerly cassette-only, live at CBGBs Flipper recording, and it's the ugliest beautiful mess I've heard from hardcore in too long. Originally, Flipper was the Bay Area's most notorious party band. They always seemed on the untouchable level of the California hard-core scene, owing to their "only joking" exterior and perhaps that they were just some scary bastards. The sound was all fucked up too. Two basses and a swirling, nauseating guitar rumble, plus their slow-is-better pace, kept them on the far side of acceptable and some have coined the sound as weirdcore (especially in regard to the first full length—**Generac Flipper**). A few northwest bands would pick up on this sludge and eventually become known as **The Melvins**, **Mudhoney**, and **Nirvana**. Flipper is still my favourite, and I think it's mostly because of the band's prime moves have fallen prey to the needle (RIP). So here we have the digitized version of this November '83 "performance." Nine tracks including "Way of the World," "Ha Ha Ha," "Love Can," "Life is Cheap" and the under-rated "The Lights, The Sound, The Rhythm, The Noise" and "In Life My Friend" which the *Gone Fishin'* LP-only version made me an immediate fan back in '83. Now with room left on the disc the fine folks at ROIR decided to add four bonus tracks from the show. "Life," "Sacrifice," "I'll Be Drunk," and "Ice Cold Beer" sung to the tune of their "You Nuts." Flipper still rules, but don't buy anything after 1985.

Bligue

GHOSTS AND VODKA

Precious Blood (Six Gun Lovers)
Ghosts and Vodka are an instrumental band with members of **Tetsuo**, **Joan of Arc**, and **Cap'n Jazz**. "Cause I've never heard Tetsuo, I can only say that the Joan of Arc and Cap'n Jazz lineages are quite audible. I picked up this CD 'cause it has really neat art work—sort of a stark but really cute "millennial" cartoon style. I realize that the respectable world to look for music, but I don't really care. It is really cool. There are also individual insert cards with neat little pictures for each song. So I guess you

probably want to know more about the music than the packaging. Well, it's really good. It's much more grounded than Jonny Lee Miller's *Blind* and more like Cap'n Jazz although there isn't the recognizable bouncy clean guitars, and verbose guitar riffs. Although in print it sounds more boring than it is. I think that this really works in an instrumental format since the intricacies of the guitars keep it interesting and always changing, but the mellower approach keeps it flowing and interesting. I think you can come up with it this. If you're sitting in at home on a Sunday morning in Vancouver and it is really fucking piping hot and it always does and you realize that you're listening to it 'cause it's your only day off, you can put on Ghosts and Vodka instead of getting mad when you close your eyes while you're listening - everything should follow.

—Robert

Singles Round Up (Damaged Goods)

being able to shake the notoriety of being in a group such as *The Headcoats* (known for being the voices behind their own hit single "The Headcoats") seems to have been relatively easy, judging from the sheer quantity of material released from this British songstress. Other *Headcoats* have wandered down the same path, but manager Hester has not noteworthy results. What makes Holly so special? Methinks it has to do with her effortless ability to shift from smoky ballads to gritty rockers without so much as a swig from the bar. Hester's music has a presence that sticks and stays stuck. Having a crack team of backup musicians and the warm, full-bodied production of *Toe Rag Studios* (from which most of these sessions were pulled) makes Hester's music a tough-and-tumble. Can't be trusted with the smooth honky-tonk of "Come to the Day" showcases a dynamic singer who, while familiar in a group, shines even more when given the spotlight. Hester explores outlandish elements.

Brice Dunn

Trains of Winnipeg
(Endearing/ Cyclops Press
Experimental)

As you might have guessed from the title and co-conspirators (Jason and John of **The Weakerthans**), this is a CD about personal histories, regionalism and a sense of belonging... and trains: The CD is thirteen tracks (plus two bonus) of Clive Holden reciting his own poetry while Jason, Christine, and John set it all to

music. Listening to this is awe-inspiring. The music on this album ranges from distorted guitar and drums, to sparse and melodic piano, to eerie tales of horror. The lyrics are so good they capture perfectly the mood of the different poems. The poems themselves are captivating in their story-telling delivery, and are all threaded together with themes of trains, death and sex. The album is a mix of silver and gold. Comparatively, this is somewhat reminiscent of *Godspeed You! Black Emperor* when they put samples of people telling stories over top of their brooding music, only the samples here are from *Winnipeg* are more symbolic, and haunt you on a much more personal level. I give it an A. As an aside, this CD is also just part of a larger and quite impressive multi-media project called *Winnipeg* at www.thesolusystem.com.

Moon Patrol
(Haute Couture)

Montreal's Les Jardiniers are set to push aside fellow campers and take the local scene by storm. Add N (N) or the beginning of the 1990s to the highly repetitive *Dad Punk*. Originally with the *Morrison* influence, the band has moved to "West World" and continuing through with genre-absorbing tracks like the boogie-woogie "Sassy" and the funk-infused "Residents-like 'Spacegirl,'" which stands out as my favourite so far. *Mimosa* joins Les Jardiniers for the sultry "Sassy" and the elusive "Spacegirl." *Les Jardiniers* also have a Chemical Brothers-sounding "Pompe Fille" and the follow-up "Freelance." In fact there's not a loser in the whole 15 tracks on *Moon Patrol*. From sublime to the ridiculous, Les Jardiniers are a band to watch around with whatever it takes to build a perfect melody which can screw with your head and get you moving at the same time. Skilled executing a mix of funk, soul, and a truly great lot of humour. A truly great album.

Is Your Radio Active?

(Mint Records)

Many times have I joked with O (whoops, I mean New) Town guitarist Jeffy Pop on his obsession with Brit-punk heroes The Toy Dolls, their American compatriots The Dickies (which I'm sorry to say, Jeffy, you'll never be as good as Stan Lee, hahaha) and other melodic punk and rock and roll that he loves, and after watching these guys play a number of times, I realize now that this group is really all about unabashedly recreating a time in punk rock when music was fun, lyrics weren't deep and filled with innuendo and when goofing off was part of what made bands like The Dickies exciting to watch. Their

debut of good times is all about excitement, short but snappy songs that leave smiles on faces and twinkles in toes. Wearing your influences on your sleeves is one thing, but for the **New Town Animals** it's like a uniform that fits right, looks sharp and sounds good. And this disc is proof of that.

Shined Nickels And Loose Change
(K Records)

Good name for this record as it contains new gems (the shined nickels) and previous 7" and compilation tracks (the loose change). What I've always liked about the new-wave-suck-hop these guys and gals pimp is how simply the songs start, but then veer off ever so slightly, still retaining the catchiness and hooks all the way. No shortage of that here, and they even make Madonna's "Like a Prayer" head-bopping fun. Fans of early B-52s, X-Ray Spex, Casios and sugar highs will dig this.

Okeeblow
(Grand Royal/ Virgin)

Umm... No, no thank you. Really I'm okay. Thanks, but no thank you. Really I'm not interested. No thanks, it's not my sort of thing. Really no thank you. No, not interested. No I think you might be wasting your time, really no thanks. No more really, just stop. Really, please... just fuck off!

SIANSPHERIC

The Sound of the Color of the Sun
(Sonic Unyon)

Is making music that is good to listen to something that all musicians should be proud of? Probably not. I personally have nothing against Sianspershire. I even own one of their old records. The problem is that I only listen to Sianspershire while I'm trying to fall asleep. Their simple, drone-ridden, heavily distorted music is perfect for the riffs and their soft, wispy vocals are relaxing to an almost painful degree. Even now, trying to listen to them in a non-ironic way is like trying to watch TV and fall asleep. I don't want to feel drowsy or like I'm watching TV. Are Sianspershire making boring music? Am I a boring person for liking it? My answer is yes. I don't think I can listen to music I don't think makes him want to fall asleep, which is understandable. But I don't think that it's wrong, necessarily, to like boring music more than good music. I think I listen to music that's "good to get stoned to," and I don't hold it against them. As long as it's useful for something, which it is, I think it's certainly is, boring music can be alright.

ROAD SHOW

Greatest Spits

(Mr. Lady Records)
At Rock For Choice last year I surprised myself big time. I had long since foiled myself into thinking that I didn't like spoken word. Spoken word? Oh,

tree. Fruiteeke new age music about trees, their bodies and their selves, and how vaginas are like fruit. I'm a dink, I'm a dink, I'm a dink. Spoken word about fruit, their bodies and their selves, and how vaginas are like fruit. I'm a dink, I'm a dink, I'm a dink. They arrived at Rock For Choice, got drunk and put on the most hilarious and, dare I say, moving, show I'd seen in a long time. The show was called *Slaw* is a collection of amazing women who travel the country (and sometimes Canada) too), bringing with them their own, sometimes political, sometimes both. The performers ranged from Peri Anderson (who is performing at this year's U.S. Open) to Lynne Breedlove (of hyper gay Tribe 8 fame). Spoken word was a bit difficult to listen to at first, but the music, lyrics and physical expressions, but while you're waiting for the ladies to show up in your town, this CD will hopefully do your

SQUAREPUSHER

(Warp)
 "—a Beckinson return, and despite his reputed arrogance to electronic music's past, he really reaches deep here to blend a solid groove—picking up on dub and house basslines—with a more extreme, heavily manipulated patterning. Spiced vocal work corrodes the acidic and linear programming—always changing, always morphing, always mutating—into a highly danceable and listenably surprising (please note the capital "H"). This High Element also translates into spaced-out and complex, space-prescribing, and space-consuming, adding the monkeys-flying-cars-on-a-loop-of-pool-of-blood element that only *Quasarpush* can pull off. Read: IDM is here, or was, but it's not the only thing in the blender. And sometimes even slowed down into loveliness and honey belybutions—melody makes an unexpected appearance here, having a lot of noisy, pitched abstractness. How many eels and editing tricks can I fit on one album! And this is the question Tom asks and answers: musical omniscience. *Quasarpush* is a masterpiece that one explodes all over the place, note "Greenways Trajectory," which, after going through some personal hell, disintegrates into a serious and playful kraut rave, leaving you at the end of your world."

ready for the lovin' of "Plaistow Flex Out." And yes, "My Red Hot Car" is everything it is supposed to be and a bit more. Face it: this album is, like furry handcuffs and **Merzbow**, the best thing to destroy my speakers and bedstrings since....

Muscler's Guide To Videonics (Chainsaw)

This is what would happen if The Need injected themselves with sparkles, black plastic, arcade games, and keyboard blood. The year in which it would happen is a year unknown to people but to them it would be the year between 1983 and 2005. They would spit out a sparkly golden egg, and the egg would be called Tracy + The Plastics. It would shimmer and shimmer like a shiny shimmer-mer name, and toilet paper kittens and aerobics instructors would all be happy, dancing under the black spotlights to the glassy '80s hand claps and toms. Tracy + The Plastics is weird, queer, corpse-electronic, and so danceable too.

Lyndsay S

*Avantgardism: Drum 'n' Bass
Volume One*

(Unitone/Lane & Auder) Jung, d/b/b, drum, n/b bass—whatever you want to call it, this has got a few several-horn bands' worth of funk in it. The name change is a little bit of an all-sounded-so good, the tch-k-tch-k-bom rumblum rumblum mumble was refreshing. It evolved out of hardcore and into a simple sped-up break into funk. The funk is a little more laid-back, but the ambient and bud influences, which this compilation attempts to latch onto a few styles, but like the cars you sort of drive at Disneyland, stays middle of the road. The funk is a little more experimental, or it can be argued, innovation. **Doppeldecker** 20:20 hits off the first track with some crazy panning effects, which are heard again on "The Funky Bunch." The second track "Dark Fader," but there's no track "Dark" with the way schizoid drum programming, a la the Squarepusher or pure madness is a UFO! The compilation ends with "The Funky Bunch" and "Gardle" tie. Instead, this is a good compilation of jazz, easy listening and ambient d/b/b tracks, and in its own right does very well. **Bedouin Ascension** 20:20 is a collection of jazz overtones and inventive drum programming, as does **Force of Angels**. The only tracks that really push the very sound of d/b/b itself are **Doppeldecker** 20:20 and **Force of Angels**. Several different drum sounds and twists of direction in the track to destroy complexity in the listening process, and **Pearl's** "New Life," which is a good example of an engaging, notational free rain—building its frenetic texture

grammed activity. For those two tracks alone it is worth getting.

Clicks & Cuts II
Mille Plateaux

Ficks & Cuts II is if the ultimate fetish item for those who want to be seen as sophisticated music connoisseurs ripe with postmodernist self-regard. The CD, containing three CDs, featuring, spurring electronics, by weight alone this seems like a serious-minded, important work. Throwing this onto your stereo is among the best ways of showing your friends that you square friends with your post-post-modern aesthetics as you patiently explain that no, nothing is wrong with your stereo, it's supposed to sound like this. The album has built its reputation on a kind of education to high quality, forward-thinking music, and self-important pretension. Identifying your releases with philosophical movements is a bit like identifying your car with overcoming the essential futility of electronic music. We can only hope that the label and its listeners realize the irony present in grafting static to an old-fashioned car. It's not like it's a deconstructionist statement. They do realize it's still just no disco, right? Tracks by Geez 'n Gush (another project of Uwe Schmidt, creator of *Señor Coconut*) and Rude Solo (a duo of two of the best bedroom recusers do have a sense of humour.

pleasant listen than its predecessor. That release, only a dou-

The CD set, contained significant amounts of droning bass, chaotic constructed textures, sonances, and eardrum-shattering percussion. The music's longevity of one's hearing is trivial to intellectuals). Ten years later, for listeners always mildly exploring the outer limits of sound, the digitally-enabled sonic trickery of that early CD was still as effective as ever. Realizing one can't sustain interest. Realizing people are no longer amazed by cool new software plug-ins, many of the artists contributing to *CC & H* have had to resort to creating actual music with their spiffy new toys. The first step was the state of the laptop-equipped nouveau musician: concrete scene is accounted for on one of these CDs. Many of these tracks could even be described as funky, particularly if you're looking for funk as it's embodied with a computer or enrolled in a doctorate program at a university. Others contain an unexpected otherworldly beauty, such as found in the stumbling, processed acoustic guitar chords of All's track out of the blue. The music of Brian Marcarino's exploration of the possibilities of a scratched turntable groove is still willfully

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obscure, for the most part on C & C II chaos is tempered with delicate use of listener-friendly melody and rhythm. One begins to wonder how long it will take before we start hearing crackling, popping, deconstructed remixes of Madonna or U2. At that point, Mille Plateaux will have to chart another line of flight, read another book of philosophy, and determine some new ways of astounding and annoying us.
Jocelyn Franczy

notice the "hoi" karate-chop samples on Doppler 20:20's "Blung!" Many of the same artists are on both CDs, and when it comes down to the best of both CDs would make for one incredible compilation.
tabias v

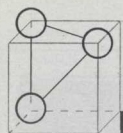
VIA
Little Darla Has A Treat For You, v. 17
(Darla)

I'm a sucker for cover art and I'll be the first to admit that my taste leans towards the saccharine. Pink is good. So are creatures with large eyes and no noses. This album doesn't involve anything pink, but has the requisite creatures with large eyes and no noses. Even better: they are playing drums, commanding turntables and programming blips on fancy machines. I thought this would be the recipe for love. If not love, then like. Or at least a good Wednesday morning crush. Usually I like poppy music, but I can't decide whether to dance like a happy fool or claw my eyes out. Maybe I didn't get enough sleep. Maybe I was disappointed that *Legally Blonde* wasn't funny. Maybe I just want to shout "sucks to your ass-mar" and poke people with sharp sticks.

What am I talking about? I must have been very upset by the fact my tea wasn't made with boiling water when I wrote the first half of this review. Many of the songs are to my liking: tracks by Transient, Flowchart, LU and David House and The Bloodthirsty Lovers are up to par. In fact, the Flowchart song is oh-so-quiet and minimal, a departure from some of the super Nutsweet tracks. Okay, the more I listen, the more I like the album, especially the second half. It's like Diet Coke: I used to be hate it but now I'm addicted.
Doretta Lau

what we listened to during production madness at good ol' **DISORDER** mag. thanks for the good times, little skippin' panasonic.

thalia zedek, been here and gone. the residents, the american composer's series volume II. silkworm, libertine. the tindersticks, n nette et boni. the ex, dizzy spells. angels of light, how i loved you. tracy +the plastics, muscler's guide to videonics. john hammond, wicked grin. matmos, a chance to cut is a chance to cure. the go-betweenes, bella vista terrace. three inches of blood, s/t. trail vs. russia, s/t. wener's barbeque! eating is a sport! CITR. you're a good station. thanks.



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THE FUCKING CHAMPS DRUNK HORSE

Thursday, June 21
Graceland, Seattle
"The solitary aim of the C4AM95, is to destroy rock music and its purveyors by simultaneously rejecting and calling the tenets of the classic rock idiom." Taken from www.thefuckingchamps.com.

And destroy, they did, on this hot summer night. You see, the day of judgment has arrived, my brothers and sisters. Hair shall, again, grow free and in abundant proportion, below the shoulders, as well as above the upper lip of those recognizing epic synth-rock in their saviours. Unicorn sweat-shirts will be pulled from their dad's gardening wardrobe. Oh yes. Lord Dickinson has returned, as if he had never departed and Vangelis cassettes are now being savagely hoarded. Skid-vested young men, worldwide, will now safely, and without persecution, publicly confirm their love for early '70s German synth compositions. The Roland GR-707 guitar synthesizer, Korg Poly-6, Yamaha DX-7, and the octagonal, and elusive, Simmons electronic drum will assume the same marginal position within pseudo-Maiden style rock groups. As young, mustache-chioed pioneers, unless their Jarre-inspired magic, upon their unsuspecting, Dio-worshipping friends. Indie rock "voices," fear not, as a precaution, **The Champs** have made this transition easier, releasing their epic battle hymns on Drag City records.

This was to be a most excellent night, by my estimation; and this was quickly affirmed by the opening act, **Drunk Horse**, who are represented by the Man's Ruin record label. The Champs had been kind enough to tote their esteemed brothers of metal with them on this royal tour, and they sharpened their swords viciously, preparing for the battle at hand. We took to our seats within the smoky enclave and settled in for the "knights-in-their-own-right." Sword technique obviously derived from the legendary Fucking Champs. Head horseman, Elijah Eckert, provided a rich, "hashish 'n' Henley" inspired voice, as Drunk Horse proved to be scholars of the classic rock tutelage, and a most formidable and beautiful band. C4AM95, date. During the performance, the red haired stepson that pledges guitar allegiance to the **Tight Bros**, was compelled to baptize these surprisingly



SMOG AND THE SABLES AT THE STARGAZER ROOM BY BABY YAMAZAKI

straight swordsmen with copious amounts of malted nectar. This was extremely amusing, as Drunk Horse met this chaotic outburst with pure grace. Shaking the evil brew from their manes, they continued to rock. And they did so, with even more panache than they began with. Not alarming, though, really, considering that these Tight Bros have known the healing qualities of the golden elixir for ages. Drunk Horse did a superb job of holding down the fort, while The Champs rested in their quarters.

If I were to describe the Drunk Horse brand of crotch-rockery, conjuring up some relevant comparison, I would say they sound like a technical, almost mathy **Zeppelin**. ZZ Top, or even a 1970s **Fucking Champs**. But only if we agree, also metaphorically, that The Champs are indeed a 1980s Maiden-Slys-Van Hellen band; with Mike Tod, of TV acclaim, conducting. Well, the moment of truth had arrived, and at every table, the ale flowed freely from hand to mouth. The crowd was ready...this was it. Fucking Champs time. The first thing I noticed, upon their entrance, was the apparent exclusion of electronics that I had so eagerly anticipated. Not a 707 in sight. Nor were there any synths, for that matter. (I

later learned this is the norm.) True but alas, on this night it was to be strictly a guitar concerto, and The Champs were more than able to deliver. Playing a nine-string custom axe, Tim O, began to unravel the mystery of The Champ's epic lead guitar(s). The sound, which I so foolishly assumed studio-derived, is rather simplistic, in truth. Fifteen strings played by two guitarists, amps cranked to eleven, and a drum set. Seen minimal? Hardly, my friends. When these lads get it on, the proverbial "majesty of rock" is obliterated. I blushed, realizing that my estimations of post-recording molestation were false. Miscalculations were smashed by the nine-stringed "harp," that was tuned to sound like a pair of guitars. Former **Nation of Ulysses** guitarist Tim Green provided ample support with his sword, a Hagstrom six-string. And between the two guitarists, who had captivated my gaze for about fifteen minutes solid with their duelling and simultaneous delivery, I started to feel like a British tennis fan, eyeing a semi-finals match at Wimbledon. The concentration needed to play what they play, and as tightly as they play it, would answer why there is little body "participation." I displayed an unbridled, ear-to-ear grin as they belted out their after classic hit, "Andres Segovia Interests Me," "Thor is Like Immortal," and

"You've Got A Thirst, Portland" and even to be the crowd favourite! To summarize my lengthy account, The Fucking Champs slayed the dragon with a glorious and collective flash of the blade. Drunk Horse did their part to convince the crowd that they too deserve the finest accolades which indie-rock stardom has to offer, and were more than willing to do so, with beer-soaked blithes.

Black Diamond

GILLES PETERSON CINEMATIC ORCHESTRA Monday, June 25 Sonar

After being contacted to review this show mere minutes before it commenced, and after a long, arduous walk from Kitsilano to Sonar, I was eager to relax with the jazz-inflected grooves of Cinematic Orchestra. Upon entering the club, however, I quickly became aware that the enticing, soulful sounds emerging from the speaker stacks were not those of Ninja Tune's most overworked act, but those of "father of Acid Jazz" Gilles Peterson.

Peterson, who championed that acid jazz sound in the early '90s, tries his best to resist that tag. He has done other things, such as bringing Roni Size to the masses, and in recent years advocating on behalf of two-step. The eclectic tastes of the man were amply evident at Sonar, as he forced a crowded dance floor to adjust to a dizzying number of tempos and styles. En Vogue's "Never Gonna Get It (My Lovin') has never sounded so good. Peterson expertly guided Sonar's patrons through a journey encompassing house, Latin music, hip hop, a smattering of boppy jazz, drum 'n' bass and two-step. Peterson's mixing is utilitarian, but his taste and uncanny ability to always know the exact moment to shift the cross-fader made a potentially messy set seem cohesive and logical. The overall effect was, well, acid jazz.

At the best of times, I find MCs distracting. At the worst of times, I have to resist the uncharacteristically hostile compulsion to tear the microphone from the man's hands and wrap the cable around his neck. Even with my pre-existing bias, Peterson's MC performed admirably, alternating between beat-boxing, singing, rapping, and melatonin-deprived Jamaican toasting. Clearly, a knowledge of Peterson's tracks and style allowed this MC to accentuate the tracks rather than overwhelming them with *braggadocio*.

Fortunately, I was in attendance at the Commodore for the Saturday performance of Cinematic Orchestra, so I can speculate that pre-Peterson they delivered another shuffly set of quality instruments. The Orchestra's appeal lies in their combination of chops, admir-

ation for jazz tradition, and familiarity with the dynamics of loop-based electronica and hip hop. Any experimentalism was presented so unthreateningly that Cinematic Orchestra's music could still be a perfect, particularly funny soundtrack for your parents' next cocktail party. The Commodore show's minimal staging contrasted with Sonar's deployment of their usual array of sparkly, flashing lights and lush projections. While the spartan lighting and visual aesthetic of the Commodore does imbue proceedings with a level of class, when listening to instrumental music Sonar provides far more stimulus for the attention span-deprived.

Jesam Francis

SMOG THE SABLES DAMIEN JURADO Tuesday, June 26 Starfish Room

In 1975, avid rock climber Hank Williams Jr. fell 442 feet down a Montana cliff. Previous to this point, he was a clean cut-out of his father, covering old country classics to the delight of Grand Ole Opry fans. But he landed in the worst way, shattering his face and splitting his skull. The next two years of his life involved a racemic mixture of experimental cosmetic surgery and speech lessons aimed at reconstructing some semblance of his former self. What we now see of Hank Jr. on Monday Night Football ("All My Rowdy Friends") is a modified form of cross dressing marked by some aviator sunglasses, a mild Stetson and the lost board of Stonewall Jackson's teaching days. All of these things are a put on that, in combination with his musical makeover, cover up the real Hank.

Does this make the senior junior Williams a pioneer? Hankin Jurado was carrying his flame, backed by a full band that featured a particularly simple and clean pedal steel player (this is a good thing), this darling young man played songs that were old and sad. Even if the cliché wizard has pinned him as an "old soul," his best songs were the least timeless, while everything else came off as hollow tribute. It should be noted that at one point, the place went silent in the middle of a song, which means he must have been doing something right. Cross-dressing points (CDP): 8.

Hank would be proud of The Sables. By day, they are normal human beings who rent videos, but by night they dress up in suits and pretend they are old/family style. Their frenetic two-minute songs sweated out genres of tasteless appropriation. Be it bluegrass and neo-cort and folk, Toronto's Good Brothers made it work, even if something about that who and where they were seemed a million

notes away from what they were playing. Vibraphone player Paul Acoino was a treat to watch, though his work was drowned in the mix, which was otherwise quite balanced. CDP: 8.

It would make sense that the man who penned "Ex-Come" should be the most impressive cross dresser in the place. Oddly enough, the man has dropped the jean jacket and tie and seems beyond such musical fetishism. Bill Callahan's Smog filled the floor, but the stage itself looked pretty empty. Backed by the **Dirty Three's** drummer, a violin player and another guitar player, Callahan, looking tired and mousy, ran through standards from his last three albums, perhaps to catch up with a Vancouver crowd that hasn't seen him since 1995. While Bill's voice is still the corn's cob, reaching lower in the muds of Raven, his sounds like he's been singing the same songs for a long time. They quit right at the stroke of midnight, having played plenty of good songs but made one fatal error according to this set list consultant. He played "Ex-Come" fourth, which is sort of the Smog equivalent to the **Beach Boys** opening up with "Heroes and Villains" and then playing songs off of Mike Love's solo album for the rest of the show. From that point on, the show lost its charm, as there was nothing left to build to, unless you consider a marginal song like "Bloodflow" to be some sort of temple. Hank Williams Jr. would've set it so, but then again, he only likes musical cross dressers. CDP: 5.

Randal Mindell

RICHE HAWTIN DJ BRIAN Sunday, July 1, 2001 The Commodore

Vancouver has been waiting for some time for **Richie Hawtin** to deliver. He's played here several times, and while each time he's been here he's also been unremarkable, staying on the more accessible side of banger techno. With the hype surrounding this event—Richie was supposed to play a three and a half hour set—expectations were high that Brother Hawtin would finally deliver a real mindfuck on the nation's birthday. I would like to say that Hawtin did deliver, but the night went something like the **Brian from L.A.'s Mootribé** opened the night, playing techno like he just discovered it two years ago because it was becoming more popular than trance. Hawtin, meanwhile, was at the bar. Several times I ran into friends grumbling about the time—it's 11:30 and he should be on by now. Tension increases and cheers erupt as he heads toward the stage, and by the time the bald head appears behind the decks and laptop, it is close to (continued on next page)

reviews continued...

midnight. So no three and a half hour set. The first hour is absolutely solidly-mixed hard and clinical techno with incredible and talented use of the efx and digital-record system (which from what I could see supplemented the six crates of vinyl). But the tracks are very straightforward, and because the Commodore system is lacking in any midrange definition, much of the most of the track is lost to the kick and the hi-hats. Richie finally moves into some more tribally material, and then drops into electro—and the place goes nuts. My ears perk and finally I begin to get into the groove, a sweet smile on my face as I prepare for some serious minimal mindgames. Instead, and I think much to everyone's disappointment (except for the grunting and profusely sweating baristas and their jock boyfriends) within two tracks he is back bawling with isolation-cold techno. Like isolation, and the cold skinny man from the North has made a career out of psychotic solitary minimal techno. But the tracks were isolated in that they were neither funky—an isolated funk, Ricardo Villalobos style—nor

creeps over the Rockies like an Albertan driver. As a friend of mine put it: "No mindfuck. Music to make everyone go boing, boing. But I've heard stories..." Haven't we all. And someday, Vancouver may be home to one of them, one of those "Hey do you remember when Richie..." stories that make up the fabric of pride that even us Westcoasters feel for Windsor, Ontario's minimal techno master. The crowd screamed and yelled for a good 20 minutes after he was done, but no encore, even after erupting into spontaneous clapping and stomping rhythms. I think the message is clear: people are dying for techno, but also for intelligent, soul-searing beats. We know Richie can do it, so maybe next time he will actually deliver. Props out to Atomic for bringing him in and providing courteous access to yours truly at the last minute. Hopefully with more promoters seeing the light with techno, and with it now becoming financially possible, we will begin to see other international acts that push the limits of the canvas in the darker, colder, harder and minimal corners of "electronica."

lobis v

ing cowboy hats—I thought they were going to play some rocking country. Boy was I wrong. Their set started off with space sounds. I thought they were going to do a half hour set of ambient noises, which would have been pleasing. Alas, there was some angst-ridden singing from the cowboy-hat wearing singer. I wavered between polite attentiveness and rude disinterest. I tried to think of nice things to write. Later, I heard that Dixie's Death Pool had sound problems and couldn't hear each other during their set. According to Christa, the members of the band were playing different songs at the same time. So that explained their lackluster performance.

Xiu Xiu, a foursome from San Jose, took the stage shortly afterwards. One of the members, Yvonne, is label manager for Zum, which is responsible for putting out The Beans' album. Due to the name Xiu Xiu (which is taken from a movie called *Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl*) and the fact that Yvonne is in the band, I thought it was going to be some Asian girls rocking out. I should really examine my bad tendency to stereotype and prejudice bands by their names or their



FUGAZI AT STAGWORKS IN KELLOWNA. PHOTO BY JAY DOULLARD

machine (I don't know much about musical toys). The band appeared so energetic and earnest that my friend Janey turned to me and said "They're fucking with us," to which I replied, "They're so earnest, they're ironic."

At this point, I began to turn into a pumpkin, as in, it was past midnight and I was Cinderella's coach, I was morphing from a dynamic object into an inanimate lump. The place was getting full and people were all jazzed about The Beans. I snatched myself a couple of times and suddenly, the band was onstage. Part of me was worried; Christa had told me before the show that I would dig The Beans live because I dig their albums. What if I felt let down? What if Tygh Runyan wasn't as wicked in person as in his interview in *FASHION* Magazine? What if Ida didn't play the trumpet? I had so many concerns about seeing Vancouver's instrumental rock heroes take the stage. All my fears were for naught. From the first beats on wooden blocks to the last computer generated whistles off the laptop, The Beans rocked. There's something to be said about being together for seven years. Before their set ended, they plugged their 48 hour show—which Tygh swore wasn't a stunt—into a dwindling, but appreciative crowd.

At the end of the show, Christa asked me what I thought. I said, "Let's go to their 48 hour show."

Dorella Lau

AIR SEBASTIEN TELLIER Thursday, July 6

The Commodore Every time I listen to Air's album, *Mezz Sogno* (1998), every second of it reminds me of *Wallpaper* magazine. You know, that ultra cool European magazine of an unattainable lifestyle. During this show, however, I

didn't try to picture myself lounging on an expensive B&B Italia chair in a West Coast modernist style apartment—no beach house. They played mostly songs from their new album, *10,000 Hz Legend*, which had less of the optimistic *Wallpaper* milieu and more of a darker Pink Floyd-like art rock sound.

So what can I say were some of the most memorable highlights of the show? Well for starters, the opening act, Sebastien Tellier, had this strange, but surprisingly versatile and beautiful sounding instrument, that appears to operate on sensory motion. The woman, when she played that mysterious instrument, had a placid, contemplative look, when out of nowhere she let out a freakishly blood-curdling scream before pretending to collapse onto the floor during their third or fourth song.

When Air finally came on, they opened the set with "Electronic Performers" with Jean-Benoit Dunckel looking very eccentric in his Count Dracula cape. I also have to mention that Jason Falkner, the bassist, looked a little like my first childhood idol, Jon Bon Jovi, but with a Beck haircut. His solid performance, constant smiling and eye contact with the front row, where my friends and I were standing, seemed to turn my respectable mid-20's friends into a gushing group of giddy boy band-like fans. During the fourth or fifth song, they played "Tayground Love" from the Virgin *Suites* soundtrack where Jason, who sang lead vocals and played the acoustic guitar, was perfectly bathed in two intersecting beams of light behind him.

What is worth mentioning is that Air managed to perform the memorable and obvious crowd-pleaser from the L'Oréal commercial, "La Femme d'argent." Also worth mentioning because it is somehow related

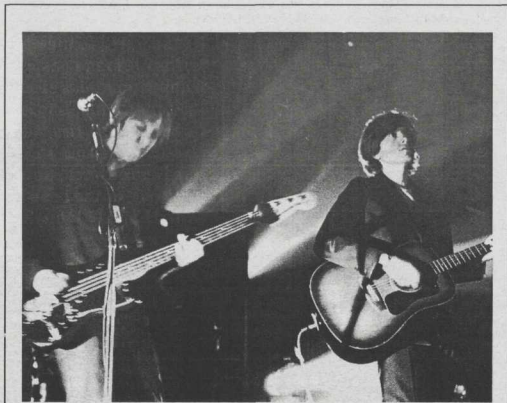
to me, is that during the third encore, Nicholas Godin took a request from my best friend to play "Sexy Boy." After the show, my friends and I spotted our Prince Charming, Jason, hanging out in front of the bar. Of course we had to talk to him and my friends gushed some more. To our surprise, Jason spoke perfect English and he isn't even French at all; he is from LA and lives in Hollywood. The most surprising but not memorable moment was when I realized that maybe I was gushing and being giddy as well.

Ellinda Sui

FUGAZI Wednesday, July 5 Stageworks, Kelowna FROG EYES Friday, July 7

The Sugar Refinery YOU MISSED OUT... on a better venue, nice sound, and a manageable number of people. It was well worth the trek to Kelowna (land of fruit & lakes), to experience the bliss that was Fugazi. So I got my Fugazi Fix two days early, and here lies the icing on the cake. Upon my return to No-fun city I was welcomed back in style. Frog Eyes style that is. Could life get any better??? I LOVE THIS BAND! I'm not giving you the caps for just any old reason, I mean business. While you were all at the larger, less fun Fugazi show, I was getting down with one of the best live shows I've ever been to. Now I imagine you just too. I'm an overzealous rock journalist, who is probably getting paid off to make such endorsements. So next time this Victoria outfit heads into town I suggest you take note. If all bands put on live shows like these two specimens I'd get out of my house a little more often. Thank you Fugazi; thank you Frog Eyes for proving to me in during one of the best three days spans ever, that fun and music is still a possible thing.

jay doullard



AIR AT THE COMMODORE. PHOTO BY ELLINDA SUI

gitty a la Jeff Mills, nor even neurotic a la Hawtin's own Plastikman material. They were isolated from anything sonically meaningful. Synopsis: no Concept records, no *Synthetic*, no *Shut One* or *Mos Def*, no *Artifacts*, no *Consumed*, no *Pete Namlook* remixes, not even "Yellow" (the original or remixed) or "Orange" or Nitzer Ebb. No minimalism, period. Still, he rocked it, and dropped some classic acid techno at the end, but he left us faithful and loyal Canadian listeners once again out in the cold in terms of his own material and legend, which

THE BEANS
XIU XIU
DIXIE'S DEATH POOL
Thursday, July 5
The Starfish Room
I got to the Starfish Room a little too early for the show. The last couple of times I've been there, I've missed part or all of the opening act's set. This time around I resolved to not miss a thing. As a result, I waited around for nearly an hour before Dixie's Death Pool played and I sat around watching them set up. Seeing their pre-show attitude—nearly every member of the band was wear-

outfits. Xiu Xiu is fronted by a boy with a strong voice that has a super-earnest tone. He sounded a little like Daniel from The Danielson Family. Xiu Xiu's sound is poppy, upbeat and fun. They covered their equipment with felt cloths covered in felt cut-out people. It reminded me of Sunday School. Only instead of a felt King Solomon there was a felt figure that looked suspiciously like Chairman Mao. More on the band: all four members can switch instruments at will. Instead of a drum kit, they have pans and possibly a drum

KINNIE STARR

CHIN

Tuesday, July 10
Richard's on Richards
Kinnie Starr concerts are pure innocence. In the midst of chaos, Kinnie makes the world a happier place. Kinnie makes it all okay. I ought to be crying while sipping my outrageously-priced drink; people watched and admired their demeanor, coolness and colorfulness. The opening acts managed to move and shake the sparse, Tuesday-ridden crowd physically and emotionally. Chin and his gang started the show with some fluffy, bouncy funk. For those of you who are tuned to the mainstream, Chin was a member of **Base is Bass**, and his set was pretty much in that style. Highlights were a fun remake of that famous **Supertramp** song, I can't remember what it's called, but you know the one I mean. This was followed by the mellow guitar of **Marlow**, Kinnie Starr's ex-girlfriend who left her band in pursuit of a solo career (Kinnie is all about the musical family). Marlow's rendition of "The Psalm of St. Francis of Assisi" induced many a teary eye in the audience. When Kinnie finally opened with her electronic version of "The Psalm of St. Francis of Assisi," the crowd was welcoming and ready to get into the groove of whatever she had to offer them. Things were interrupted when a disco ball fell from the ceiling of the club, fortunately landing on the head of a guy in the audience. He was out for a while, and it took the bloody paramedics a bloody long time to show up. Kudos to the medical student in the audience who looked after him until the paramedics showed up. Also kudos to the woman who silently channeled energy to this guy, at least she did something about it. It was nice to see that the bouncers at Richard's on Richards were still useless, at least they're consistent that way. There were cheers as the paramedics took the guy away; the concert resumed and Kinnie finished in fine fettle.

Rana E



KID 606 AT SONAR. PHOTO BY TOBIAS

from Edmonton and his take on the whole shebang that represented 99.9% of [and I am disappointed because I was really really looking forward to this, and p.s., if you see Cex or 606 give them a Nirvana CD].

Tigerbats records brought the circus to town with the superstars hauling out their lap-tops for a little electronic acrobatics. Stars with Eyes were experiencing some technical difficulties when I arrived. But just when they were walking away in defeat, the gear restarted spontaneously and we were rewarded with a bit more of their pleasant melodic IDM. They dutifully returned to finish things off.

The one man extravaganza known as Cex took a different approach. As he said, "I'm from Baltimore, and people in Baltimore don't take anything seriously." He liked tracks, and he liked to sing, which, loosely translated, meant that he rapped and ranted his way through songs about bees that go bzzz bzzz and other craziness I couldn't make out. His stage show was one massive attempt to debunk the polite chin stroking of most IDM crowds—he came off unpretentious because he was doing earnest about it and it really did have fun. With a really long mic cable, he pranced all over the dance floor striking classic rock singer poses, satirizing chin-stroking, and ultimately stripping down to his underwear and dollar sign link belt. He played his sharp sounding tracks straight off the laptop, and they bounced around from disco to heavy metal to hip hop to what must be Baltimore Booy! all with a techno twist. He played his sharp sounding tracks straight off the laptop, and they bounced around from disco to heavy metal to hip hop to what must be Baltimore Booy! all with a techno twist.

Cex referred to Kid 606 as the guy that would give us our money's worth, and while it was true that most people were there to see 606, he rocked things out to no uncertain way. The Kid started off crunchily and jacked in wasn't stonny for anyone to get off. Playing from two Mac laptops and two Korg Kaoss Pads, he threw out the craziest sounds and got a few of us dancing. He blasted through style and track transitions with

lightning speed, and then briefly moved into some of his minimal tech house material. The remainder of his set showcased the breadth of his music, from delicate to noisy and back.

In a nutshell,
 Tobias v & J Wilt

LUCINDA WILLIAMS
JIM LAUDERDALE

Friday, July 20

Orpheum Theatre
Minus the hippies, the leather pants, the deep knee bends (guitar solo, feet planted, knees pressed together, bent, like you're feeling the music so bad you're trying to stop from pissing all over yourself), the name-dropping, the sound guy's loss of hearing in the high frequency range, the light show, and Jim Lauderdale, it was good. Lucinda Williams sings good.

Christa Min

REVEREND HORTON HEAT
BARE, JR.

Friday, July 20

The Commodore
"Laydees and Gentle-men... and now the moment you've all been waiting for... three talented fellas from the state of Texas sure to bring the house down... THE REVEREND HORTON HEAT."

Bare, Jr. opened for The Rev, coming on at 9:30pm to a half-empty house and giving a well-rehearsed, tight performance. Their act was five pieces: two guitars, a mandolin, drums and a cock-eyed lead singer with a heavy Cheap Trick influence. Bare, Jr. gave up thick guitar rock and finished their set strong with a tribute to The Cars by singing "My Best Friend's Girlfriend."

The Rev and his band were next, swingin' at the Commodore, throwin' it all the way back to the '50s with a whole lot of rock and more than a little billy. The man Horton Heat on guitar looked like an old dude but moved his fingers up those chords faster than any teenager, while his man in band pounded at the drums, and limbo, the Rev's best buddy—a 250 pound kinghell greaser—waited away at his

monster bass like a big old kid. The Rev was a showman with bravado like Chuck Berry, dressed all to kill in a tailored, vintage black suit with a black bowtie, and red flames painted on his slacks. He posed for the crowd as if there were a camera and TV lights, and also kept the show humming like the engine of a '57 Mustang. Jimbo was alongside the Rev acting like his kid brother, makin' wild faces and sweatin' up a storm with his groovy byrrle-crusted hair fallin' in front of his face in boyish curls, which made him look like even more of a big kid. He moved like a frenetic bull steer around his huge fire-engine red bass which was tattooed on the back with names of people and places he knew.

The Rev glanced at his buddy occasionally but more often kept his eye fixed on his guitar as he moved his fingers a mile a minute and rode the guitar like a demon motorbike. They were dudes from Corpus Christi, Texas where they brand cattle and eat steak and eggs for breakfast and smoke cigarettes and chew tobacco and mount guns on their pickup truck and use ammunition.

Ammunition... music shooting out of Horton Heat instruments like bullets coming at you in rapid fire. Their three loaded weapons exploding at a tempo just right for surf'n' with Dick Dale or drag racing down a California strip. Somewhere along the Rev's hot rod journey between California surf and Texas twang he stopped at the train station diner, slowing it down to play a tune like

"Lonely Train Whistle." Then he fired back up again and moved his fingers fast enough to keep pace with a locomotive, and took the crowd along with him for a steam engine ride on a midwest trip.

Not an altogether safe trip though, because the passengers in the moose circle went wild for the Rev and were bumpin' and knockin' against each other like rabid mutants or brain-damaged apes, circling and then attacking, falling, crashing, scratching themselves then crashing some more.

The engine revved until about one o'clock, and after humming for about two hours, she shut down before overheating, well exhausted. The Rev gave the crowd a good ride though—down that drag strip over to the diner, back to the ranch and off to the train station in a hot rod muscle convertible Revvin' away all through the night.

Jonah

ADD N TO (X)
RADIO BERLIN
Wednesday, July 25
Starfish Room

Oh joyous day when the DISCORDER gang gets together for a show! A few beers in my gut, mad peeps in the house, ready for a rock spectacle to unfold. Local quartet RADIO BERLIN sound like that '80s Goth mix tape you kept in the glove compartment of your first car. Eighties hair to boot! I overheard Hancant singing Cure lyrics in front of me, which aptly accompanied more than one Spot on if you just

can't shake those '80s, but I'm more a fan of Joshua Wells' other project Jerk With A Bomb. Next Add N to O.O. The stage is banked with no more than six synthesizers, a theremin, a sampler, and some other noisemakers. The Add N to (X) trio look like they graduated with honours from rock school. Their first song is a subdued electro track from their latest album but then they kicked into older stuff, which was more raw, and balls to the wall. Third tune in, a fool from the crowd jumps up onto the stage, grabs one of the synths in front of one of the three males on stage (Barry Smith, Steve Clayton, or their touring drummer) and throws it to the floor. Short-haired band member dives into the audience, a scuffle ensues, and a bouncer breaks it up. A rock first for this concert-goy. Noticeably shaken, the band starts the number from the beginning and plows forth like troopers. The rest of the evening was filled with good and really good tunes from the band's three albums. Not only were certain people inhibiting the band to truly shine, but also the microphones seemed to work only occasionally. Nothing like watching an inspired musician lip-synch. Despite their external constraints Add N to (X) delivered. Next, let's hope the show terrorists and those responsible for the sound stay in the drunk tank until the band finishes.

Robert Robot

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21 DISORDER

the
(sugar
refinery)
calendar
of
consequence

AUGUST

(F3) Vague demons
+ Johnny Sabines
going away day

(S4) Mike Zachernuk
quartet w/ Dave
Sikula

(M6) Ms. Allison
Russell w/ C. Avery
+ Trish Klein
- Po' Girl

(T7) Every Tuesday
Parallel Jazz
hosted by Misa
Anzai + Skye
Brooks.

(W8) K. Konzept
(electronic)

(T9) Sean MacDonald

(F10) - (S12)
the world record
setting 48 show
with the beans
we will be open to
a bit delicious

(M13) I mudder
an accordion

(F18) Jazzmatic

(S19) unrehearsed
spoken word hip
hop

(M20) Jordi Sancho

(W22) girl nobody

(T23) resin with
spk girl

(F24) booty treats

(S25) the colorifics

(T17) the colorifics

(M27) Jason Michas

(W29) 7-10
book launch
by genevieve
castree w/ Mr.
friday egghead + lep
notexak
1030 amys racks

(T30) dorothy

(F31) 4 dex + no
brains

the (sugar refinery)
calendar
of
consequence

AUGUST

(F3) Vague demons
Johnny Sabines
going away

(S4) Mike Zachernuk
quartet w/ Dave
Sikula

(M6) Kim Klabbutz
(M6) Ms. Allison
Russell w/ C.
Avery + Trish
Klein
- Po' Girl

(T7) Every Tuesday
Parallel Jazz

(W8) Smudging

liars

all the

staff

are liars

the owners

afiar

and they

also

unorganized

so terrible

they are

sompon

mak

a movie

I need

perogies

Man

Geared to Go-Go



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american
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INFO: 878-GOGO
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AUG. 31 THRU SEPT. 2 VANCOUVER, B.C.

COMMODORE
BALLROOM

FRIDAY, AUG. 31

MINT RECORDS
10th ANNIVERSARY

COMMODORE BALLROOM

The New Pornographers

The Smugglers

I Am Spoonbender

Duotang

The Evaporators

The New Town Animals

9pm \$15 ADV.
WWW.MINTRECORDS.COM - WWW.HCB.CA

800-833-8333

RIDGE

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1

THE RIDGE THEATRE

Groove Ghoulies (Sacramento)

Girl Trouble (Tacoma)

Chris & Tad (Seattle)

The Down-n-Outs (Denver)

The Skablines (Canada)

• Film Premier "American Mod"

• Art Exhibit by "Atomos"

• Fashion Show

• Prize Giveaways

7pm door \$14 ADV. seat \$18

RIDGE BOWL

Glow-In-The-Dark Bowling &

Dancing w/ the 60's New Sounds

of DJ Todd Tomorrow

7pm \$4 AT DOOR

16TH & ARBUTUS
PH 738-6311

THE
PURPLE
ONION
CABARET

SUNDAY, SEPT. 2

PURPLE ONION CABARET

THE DUB

Join DJ'S ALAN and SHERIFF FATMAN in
for "THE UNION", Vancouver's only genuine
'60s-'90s brit night. Special guest DJ SKA-T
spinning the best in ska and rock steady.

Special live performance by Blue Lodge Quartet.

THE SCENE

"THE SCENE" is a truly switched-on sixties
happening. As DJ OFAY gets things swinging
with hard-hitting Memphis jazz and rhythm,
resident LEE MODERN sorts through stomping
beat and northern soul.

8PM 17AT DOOR PH 602-9942

LABOUR DAY WEEKEND
EXTRAVAGANZA

FEATURING:

The New
Pornographers

SMUGGLERS

GIRL
TROUBLE

GROOVE GHOUIES

CHRIS & TAD

Duotang

THE EVAPORATORS

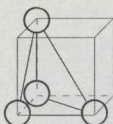
The Skablines

Leah
Spoonbender

NEW
TOWN
ANIMALS

Blue Lodge Quartet

THE
DOWN-N-OUTS



charts

what's being played at citr

August Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Squarepusher | Go Plastic | Warp |
| 2 The Dirtmints | S/T | Sonic Union |
| 3 The Beans | Crane Wars | Zum Media |
| 4 Lucinda Williams | Essence | Matlock |
| 5 Weights and Measures | Tonight... | Emperor Norton |
| 6 Fantastic Plastic... | Beautiful | Mint |
| 7 Duotang | The Bright Side | XL |
| 8 New Town Animals | Is Your Radio Active? | Mint |
| 9 The Beta Band | Hot Shots II | Regal |
| 11 Froeworm | Vegetation=Fuel | Outside |
| 12 Built to Spill | Sabonis Tracks | Warner |
| 13 Ashley Park | The American Scene | Kindercore |
| 14 Radio Birdman | The Essential... | Sub Pop |
| 15 Monstre | Sucre3 | Alien8 |
| 16 Jerk With A Bomb | The Old Noise | Scatch |
| 17 MIA | Lost Boys | Alternative Tentacles |
| 18 Dimitri From Paris | Rewind | DMC |
| 19 Mumia Abu-Jamal | 175 Progress Drive | Alt. Tentacles |
| 20 Eno and Schwalme | Drawn From Life | Virgin |
| 21 Dump | That Skinny Mother... | Shrimp |
| 22 3Nipples on Her... | Operation Sunflower | Raw Pear |
| 23 Veda Hille | Field Study | Independent |
| 24 Good Riddance | Symptoms of a... | Fat |
| 25 Ron Sexsmith | Blue Boy | Linus |
| 26 Mensen | Delusions of Grandeur | Gearhead |
| 27 I Am the World... | Out Of The Loop | Kindercore |
| 28 Fuzzier | Detached Retina | Independent |
| 29 Tricky | Blowback | Hollywood |
| 30 Pennywise | Land of the Free? | Epitaph |
| 31 Jon Thor | Dogz 2 | Igroove |
| 32 The Hissfys | Letters From Frank | Top Quality |
| 33 Buffalo Daughter | WXBD | Grand Royal |
| 34 Twilight Circus... | Volcanic Dub | M Records |
| 35 Ex-Girl | Back to the Mono Kero! | Ipecac |

August Short Vinyl

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 New Town Animals | Lose That Girl |
| 2 The Evaporators | Honk the Horn |
| 3 Red Hot Lovers | S/T |
| 4 Lost Sounds | 1+1=Nothing |
| 5 Tijuana Bibles | Mexican Courage |
| 6 Les Sexareenos | Ruby D |
| 7 The Pattern | Feverish |
| 8 Planet Smashers | Inflate to 45RPM |
| 9 Heart Beats Red | 911 |
| 10 Electric Frankenstein | The Perfect Crime |
| 11 The Pinkos | To My Valentine |
| 12 Andy Votel | Girl on a Go-Ped |
| 13 Gapers Delay | Pretty Song |
| 14 Sunset Valley | Parade on my Rain |
| 15 Cecilia et ses Amis | J'aime le popcom |
| 16 The Malcontents | Liquor Store EP |
| 17 Moonbeats | Air Moon Stereo EP |
| 18 Hot Dog City | Citwoman |
| 19 Lucky Motors | The Package... |
| 20 Guided By Voices | Chasing Heather Crazy |

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------|
| Mint | Jump Start |
| Nardwuar | Scaredycat |
| Redline | Sub Pop |
| Empty | Twisted Nerve |
| Trophy | Proshop |
| Tekstar | Sea Level |
| GSL | Tekstar |
| 9 Garnet Sweatshirt | Skull |
| 10 Victorian Pork | Amariio Stars |
| 11 The Switch | The Metrics |
| 12 Girl Nobody | |
| 13 A Girl Named Sue | |
| 14 Closer Than Kin | |
| 15 Nice Green Cone | |
| 16 The Lollies | |
| 17 Coupon | |
| 18 Vancouver's Shame | |
| 19 Amariio Stars | |
| 20 The Metrics | |

Indie Home Jobs

- | |
|-----------------------|
| Horizontal |
| Boner For Betty |
| Kill to Hide |
| Latest Thing |
| Digiworld |
| Fragmented |
| Fuck or Fight |
| Heartx50' Woman |
| American Woman |
| I Just Wanna Beer |
| Las Vegas Laser Child |
| Alone |
| Odd |
| Stand Up |
| Fuzzy Blue |
| Be My Bad Boyfriend |
| 2001 |
| What's For Dinner |
| S/T |
| Sand Crawler |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (ie, "August" charts reflect airplay over July). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unix.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts".

DISCORDER



goodbye to me, maren hancock: ad bitch. this is what
two years of working for this magazine has done to me.
so i must move on. to all my beautiful clients:
working with you went far beyond pleasure.
your new ad representative will be Steve DiPo.
call him @ 604.822.3017 x 3 and advertise with us.

CiTR DJ PROFILE!

Ska - T and Julie M

Ska-T's Scene-It Drive, Fridays, 10:00am - 12:00pm

Record played most often on your show:

Hot Knives, *In My Dreams*.

Record you would save in a fire:

The Skatalites, *Scattered Lights*.

Record that should burn in hell:

Five Iron Frenzy *Complete Discography* or anything by Save Ferris.

Book that you would save in a fire:

S: My Michael Slade collection. J: *Mr. Lunch Takes A Plane Ride* by J Otto Seibold and Vivian Walsh.

Worst band that you like:

S: Fastball. J: Destiny's Child.

1st record you bought:

S: *Ska Chart Busters*. J: Canned Ham, Karazma.

First record you bought:

S: The Beatles, *Help!* J: Wham, *Fantastic*.

Musician you'd like to marry.

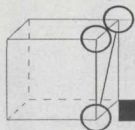
S: Bjork. J: Mark from Dissent.

Favourite show on CiTR:

S: *Nardwuar The Human Serivette Presents*. J: *Venus Fly Trap's Love Den*.

Strangest phone call ever received while on air: It was a tie between the people that actually phoned in to win a date with Ska-T, and the person that tried to swindle us for Cheap Trick tickets.





on the dial

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC
9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae in all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real-cowshit-caught-in-her-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 3:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

HELLO GEETANJALI 8:00-10:00PM Hello India combines with Geetanjali to create... Hello Geetanjali! Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies, Ghazals, Bhajans, and also Quavawals, etc.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM Strictly Hip-Hop—Strictly Underground—Strictly Vinyl. With your hosts Mr. Rumble, and J Swing on the 1 & 2's.

FILL-IN 12:00-2:00AM
FILL-IN 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAY

SALARIO MINIMO 6:00-8:00AM Spanish rock, ska, techno, and alternative music—porque no todo en esta vida es "salsa"!

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special.

LOUD, FAST, AND AGING RAPIDLY alt. 11:00-1:00PM

GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM
PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris. **STAND AND BE CUNTED** alt. 3:00-4:00PM

DJ Hancock is in training for Olympic party athletics—soon to be a gold medalist in drinking, drug taking, and reckless sex. **BLACK NOIZE** alt. 3:00-4:00PM

DJ Nat X still sez: "I'm taking a break, back when I feel like it!" **EVI VS. GOOD** 4:00-5:00PM

Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave. **WENER'S BARBEQUE** 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the TBirds and some other goofiness, giveaways, and gab.

FILL-IN alt. 6:00-7:30PM Beginning July 30th and running until Sept 10th, Rachel's Song and CITR 101.9FM will be broadcasting a mini-series of talks taken from the Water Conference conducted at UBC during the month of June, entitled "Water For People And Nature."

REEL TO REEL alt. 6:00-6:30PM
Movie reviews and criticism. **FILL-IN** alt. 6:30-7:30PM

BY THE WAY 7:30-9:00PM I don't know what I'm up to anymore. I play lots of odd German electronics, some 7's, and a demo here and there. Go figure. **THE JAZZ SHOW** 9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11. **Aug. 6:** Tenor saxophone great Stan Getz at his hard biting best with Richie Beirach (piano), Dave Holland (bass) and Jack DeJohnette (drums).

Aug. 13: Resident piano giant Ron Johnston and his new album *Remembering Tomorrow*, is featured.

Aug. 20: A famous concert at Town Hall featuring "The President," tenor saxophonist Lester Young and vocal extraordinaire Sarah Vaughan, a true meeting of the greats.

Aug. 27: *Step Lightly*, a line album by lyric trumpeter "Blue" Mitchell that didn't come out until the '80s... with also great Leo Wright and the late Joe Henderson.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ. **PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES** 3:00-6:00AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The lovely Andrea" Berman.

WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM
THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Decadent than the most dangerous criminal! <3rdcharm@home.com>

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schlop to, hosted by Coreen. [We miss you Coreen]

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM
PARTICLE 1:00-2:00PM Incorporated into the soul are the remnants of digital sound.



	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6 ^{AM}				FILL-IN	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM			6 ^{AM}
7	REGGAE LINKUP	SALARIO MINIMO	PACIFIC PICKIN'	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	FILLIN	SHADOW AT DAWN	FILL-IN	7
8								8
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WORLD HEAT	FOOL'S PARADISE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CAUGHT IN THE RED		9
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM	THE NORTHERN WISH	THE ANTIDOTE	SKAT-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	10
11								11
12 ^{PM}		GIRLFOOD	BLUE MONDAY	ANOZE	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	SOULSISTAR HOUR	12 ^{PM}
1	ROCKERS SHOW	PARTS UNKNOWN	PARTICLE	THE SHAKE	STEVE & MIKE		POWERCHORD	1
2								2
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	STAND AND BE CUNTED	CPR	RADIO FREE PRESS	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	CODE BLUE	3
4			PLANET LOVETRON	MOTORDADDY	RHYMES & REASONS	NARDWUAR PRESENTS		4
5	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sp)	10,000 VOICES (Tk)	RACHEL'S SONG	OUT FOR KICKS	NOOZE & ARTS (Tk)	ELECTROBUK LAM BAND HOUR	5
6	QUEER FM	FILLIN	FLEX YOUR HEAD		ON AIR WITH DREGS HAIR	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS	RADIO FREE AMERICA	6
7								7
8	HELLO	BY THE WAY	ANNABOUOLA	FOLK OASIS	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOME BASS	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	8
9	GEETANJALI	THE JAZZ SHOW	A WALKABOUT THE WORLD	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR	HIGHBRED VOICES	BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD	SOUL TREE	9
10	THE SHOW	VENGEANCE IS MINE!	VENUS FLYTRAP	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR			PIPE DREAMS	10
11								11
12 ^{AM}	FILL-IN	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES	THE RED EYE	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	FILLIN	EARWAX	12 ^{AM}
1								1
2								2
3								3
4								4
5								5
6							REGGAE LINKUP	6

Cf = conscious and funky • Ch = children's • Dc = dance/electronic • Ec = eclectic • G = goth/industrial • Hc = hardcore • Hh = hip hop • Hk = Hans Kloss • Jz = jazz • Lm = live music • Lo = lounge • M = metal • No = noise • Nw = Nardwar • Po = pop • Pu = punk • Re = reggae • Rr = rock • Rts = roots • Sk = ska • So = soul • Sp = sports • Tk = talk • Wo = world

Unleashed, cryptic economies accelerate the sound particles through states of Becoming, breaking the flesh, whirling, hydro-head, rhizomatic sky. www.shrout.com

CPR 2:00-3:30PM
buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk and techno... buh bump.

PLANET LOVETRON 3:30-5:00PM

10:00 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM
Poetry, spoken word, preferences, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1999

ANNABOUOLA (formerly Radio Ellenikathiko) 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio. www.angelfire.com/cntr/annabouola
annabouola@angelfire.com

A WALK ABOUT THE WORLD 9:00-10:00PM

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM
claveden@hotmail.com

SOULINIC WANDERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Photo platter, slim chatter.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAY

THE ELECTROLUX JAM BAND HOUR 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the jungle. Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem!
suburbanjungle@channel8.com

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-1:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.

ANOIZE 12:00-1:00PM Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM The manatee is my spirit animal. Me da fag!

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show! Bleek presents the underground press with articles from zines from around the world.

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy repeat!

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:00PM Socio-political, environmentally activist news and spoken word with some music too. [rachelsong@lycos.com](http://www.rachelsong@lycos.com)

Aug. 1: Amy Goodman on Democracy Now!

Aug. 8: Parabol Magazine's issue on Light and remembering Gandhi's "Quit India" speech.

Aug. 15: Dr. Kumi Naidoo, Secretary General and CEO of Civiis, on "Current Context And Future Trends For Civil Society Organizations."

Aug. 22: Harvard Design Magazine's issue entitled "What Makes A Work Canonical?"

Aug. 29: The Down To Earth Building Bee-A Cob Construction Workshop

POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:00-7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM sleater-kinnie, low, sushi... these are a few of our fave-oh-what things. [First Wednesday of every month]

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, noise, and other.

FOK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt. country and more. Not a mirage!

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhangral "Chakkhi da phutty"

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

FIRST FLOOR SOUNDS SYSTEM 3:00-6:30AM

THURSDAY

FILL-IN 6:30-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SHOW 10:00-11:30AM Two hours of non-stop children's entertainment including songs, stories, poems, interviews, and special guests with your host Christina (On hiatus, will return in Sept. at a new time and day).

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The All-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby (hardcore)

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:30-3:00PM Comix comic mix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM Back in full effect, Jan-9 and DJ Hedsin.

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la Velorution! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! <http://www.suz-bikability.com/dinos/radio>

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues since 1942-1962 with your snappy-attired host Gary Olsen. crippsh55@aol.com

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD 9:00-11:00PM

RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9 live bands from 10-11.

HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone stuff. Resident haitech with guest DJs and performers.

www.plutonia.org

FRIDAYS

SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash.

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Hauling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to cdjska@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Spice, AV

Shack, and Promo bring you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, funkified, sample heavy beatrain trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00-3:00PM

NARDOUAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM Please keep on rawkin' in the free world and have a good breakfast. Rock on, Nardouar and Cleopatra Von Fluffstein.

NOOZE AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retro-specifives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

SATURDAY

FILL-IN 2:00-6:00AM

FILL-IN 6:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comic sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8:AM: African/World roots. **9AM-12PM:** Celtic music and performances.

SOULISTAH RADIO 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwaan, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta lowdown slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX JAM BAND HOUR 5:00-6:00PM

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KJIC [Los Angeles, CA].

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM

From doowop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree. (Welcome back Michael!)

PIPEDREAMS alt. 1:00-1:00AM

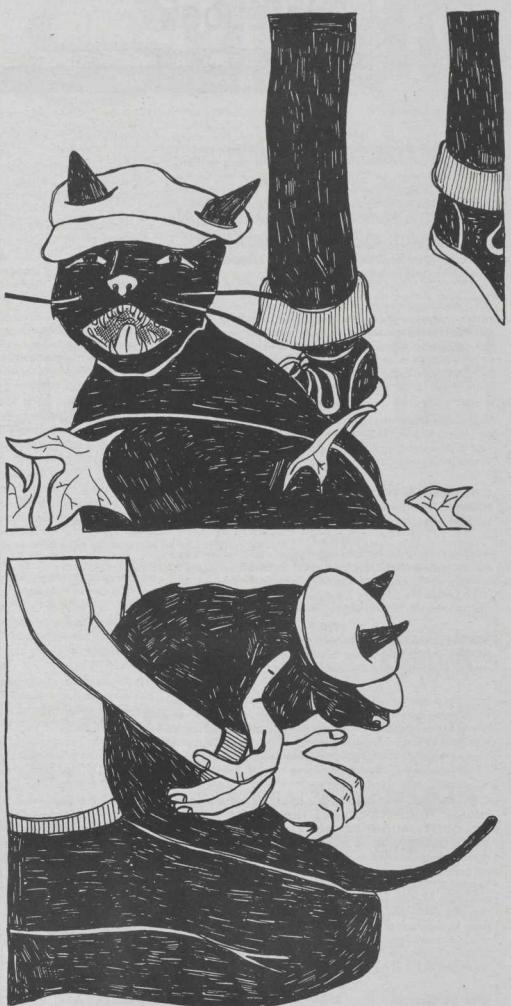
THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

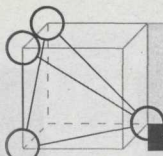
EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM

'noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beat drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort do source full force with needlez on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz... Out - Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

Kick around Sat 4 Mtn
August 2001





datebook

what's happening in august

FRI AUG 3

dark circus v@wise club; vague demons@sugar refinery; new town animals, operation makeout@the cabaret; the primrose 5, the zombie 4, the mirrors, vegetable @gibsons (seattle); hot hot heat, the special, disco incognito, the ewoks@zenzo club; millenium, sprung monkey, instant winner@graceland (seattle); short attention span film and video festival@blinding light!!!; roxy music, rufus wright@mploce; denzal sinoaire@jazz cellar; flash bastard, the backstabbers, filthy rich@piccadilly pub; new forms festival@various venues (main street); ollstar blues revue@yale; bocephus king@arts club theatre; hinterland@silverstone tavern

SAT 4

girl pride dance@wise club; mike zachernuk with dave skula@sugar refinery; old man smithers, public enemy, trash, word of mouth@yale (seattle); d.r.i., sworn enemy, positively negative@graceland (seattle); uzume taiko, almost transparent blue, dj aural@the art center; short attention span film and video festival@blinding light!!! (jason mccoys@griffin (abbotsford); new forms festival@various venues (main street); ollstar blues revue@yale; stationa@silverstone tavern

SUN 5

jp carter@sugar refinery; orchid ensemble@ryerson united church; air: eating, sleeping, waiting and playing@blinding light!!!; icarus line, all-state champion@piccadilly pub; new forms festival@various venues (main street); brickhouse@yale

MON 6

CITR PRESENTS PEACHES, TAYLOR SAVVY, CANNED HAMM@STARFISH ROOM; american hit, crystal method, tricky, black holos@plaza of nations; texas flood@yale

TUES 7

skye brooks and masa anza@sugar refinery; digital hardcore@gibsons (seattle); saves the day, dashboard confessional, hot rod circuit@graceland (seattle); squarepusher, plaid@sonar; the guess who, joe cocker@epic coliseum; salsaman@blinding light!!!; luther wright and the wrongs@starfish; leslie harries@yale

WED 8

CITR PRESENTS TRISTEZA, ANAS, ATLAS STRATEGIC@STARFISH ROOM; dougie machine@wise club; k. lancepet@sugar refinery; salsaman@blinding light!!!; young guns@yale

THUR 9

to all the peeps we've loved before@wise club; goodnight street-light@sugar refinery; toots and the maytals, tropical breeze band@commodore; throat mottle, carnival of 8, media pinata@yale (seattle); boognish rising (ween tribute band)@ms. t's cabaret; the time travellers@blinding light!!!; cowboy junkies@port theatre (nanaimo); meow-aid@yale; slow nerve action@silverstone tavern

FRI 10

CITR AND STEVE AND MIKE PRESENT "IT'S A PUNK THANG" FEATURING OCEANS, NUNSTALKER, AND SPECIAL GUESTS, AUTHENTIC CAR CRASH PUNK FROM EAST VAN'S UNDERGROUND DESTROYERS@BANZA CLUB; rock against prisons featuring loud, an kyd, iyoweh, monk and as12, jen pachas@wise club; beans 48-hour show@sugar refinery; cowboy junkies@commodore; benefit for eat the state feat. the pinkos, meo culpa, august spies@gibsons (seattle); c.o.c.o., plastia phantom, diagram of suburban chaos, aspects of physics@spy (seattle); gipsy king@plaza of nations; thea chi ensemble@dr. sun yai san classical chinese garden (15th carrall); rhannon@norman rotheist theatre; blinding light 3rd birthday party@blinding light!!!; wailin' al walker@yale

SAT 11

ember swift@wise club; beans 48-hour show@sugar refinery; byron lee and the dragonairens@commodore; high beams, kill the hippies, 7 letter alphabet@gibsons (seattle); askmsters, donkey engine, bystander@ms. t's cabaret; under the volcano political prisoners and resistance night@blinding light!!!; spiffers, fclchers, cock rockets@piccadilly; wailin' al walker@yale; dimitris, mazinaw@silverstone tavern

SUN 12

beans 48-hour show@sugar refinery; under the volcano film of art and social change featuring dj kuttin kandi, tribal wisdom, dick leonard george and children of today, the dickel brothers, swarm, swollen members, cirque de toilet, subistencia, and much much more@ms. t's cabaret (north van); the strokes@starfish room; i con-

less@blinding light!!!; brickhouse@yale

MON 13

i mudder accordion@sugar refinery; the beautys, pre-teens, tantrums@gibsons (seattle); kim coscone, brian allen, vance gal-lowsay@spy (seattle); texas flood@yale

TUES 14

skye brooks and masa anza@sugar refinery; digital hardcore@gibsons (seattle); pranks! (part one)@blinding light!!!; jason buie@yale

WED 15

carnivalesque musical theatre festival@sugar refinery; pranks! (part two)@blinding light!!!; nigel mack@yale

THUR 16

reggae dance@wise club; carnivalesque musical theatre festival@sugar refinery; monofest featuring hia goddess, rich medina, vanessa richards, tanya evanson, wade compton, kia kadiri@sonar; chief, smokin' halos, nervous tics@gibsons (seattle); journey to the centre of time@blinding light!!!; tricky woo, bionic@starfish room; deke dickerson and his ecophophons@marine club; yv@yale

FRI 17

carnivalesque musical theatre festival@sugar refinery; the load levellers, the octabies, otha@gibsons (seattle); plaster caster: a cockumentary@blinding light!!!; soulstream@yale; star collector@silverstone tavern; katalysm@starfish room

SAT 18

susana's salsa party@wise club; jazzmatic@sugar refinery; facefest 2001 benefit@grandview legion; millhouse, flamethrower, gun crazy@gibsons (seattle); citizen fish, shillies@graceland (seattle); edgeless@underbird stadium; the moody blues@queen elizabeth theatre; plaster caster: a cockumentary@blinding light!!!; soulstream@yale

SUN 19

unrefined@sugar refinery; eric's trip, projektor@starfish room; plaster caster: a cockumentary@blinding light!!!; brickhouse@yale

MON 20

jordie sancho@sugar refinery; cisternage, sludgepaw, argonaut@gibsons (seattle); dilute@brickyard; texas flood@yale; northern pikes, yve and adam@pne

TUES 21

skye brooks and masa anza@sugar refinery; living legends, mystik journeymen and more@richard's; digital hardcore@gibsons (seattle); pranks! (part two)@blinding light!!!; vp and the hammerheads@yale; danny michel@railway club

WED 22

girl nobody@sugar refinery; black umfolosi@shaughnessy heights united church (1550 w 33rd); pranks! (part two)@blinding light!!!

THUR 23

tim lawson band@wise club; resin with spygirl@sugar refinery; lone-some teardrops, squares elite@gibsons (seattle); heavy metal parking lot 15th anniversary compendium@blinding light!!!; siegel-schwab@yale; david gogo@pne forum; painting daisies@silverstone tavern; nigel richards, jay tripwire@sonar

FRI 24

orquestra gama dura@wise club; beefy treats@sugar refinery; the briefs, the rc5, the expoxies@gibsons (seattle); conflict, against all authority, fatz, resist and exist@graceland (seattle); maceo parker@commodore; heavy metal parking lot 15th anniversary compendium@blinding light!!!; powder blues@yale; chin inje@pne

SAT 25

colorific@sugar refinery; lost sounds, 10-4 back door, the girls@gibsons (seattle); heavy metal parking lot 15th anniversary compendium@blinding light!!!; powder blues@yale; bocephus king, split lip rayfield@railway club

SUN 26

CITR PRESENTS HIM, DAVE PAVEKOVICS, AND FCS NORTH@STARFISH ROOM; lush life jazz trio@wise club; jp carter@sugar refinery; heavy metal parking lot 15th anniversary compendium@blinding light!!!; brickhouse@yale

MON 27

jason michas@sugar refinery; texas flood@yale

TUES 28

skye brooks and masa anza@sugar refinery; digital hardcore@gibsons (seattle); chicago new works@blinding light!!!; downchild blues

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.
FOR THE SEPTEMBER (LOCAL MUSIC!) ISSUE,
THE DEADLINE IS AUGUST 28.
FAX LISTINGS IN TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL
<DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

band@yale

WED 29

amy's r&z@sugar refinery; bikesummer movienite@blinding light!!!; dr. z and the m's@yale

THUR 30

reggae dance@wise club; dorothy@sugar refinery; mint records' 10th birthday bash feat. noko case and her boyfriends, the corn sisters, carlyn mark and her roommates, and tennessee twin@richard's on richard's; andrew ross collins@element sound lounge (B01 georgia); sasshole, short fuse, third rail delivery@gibsons (seattle); cineworks presents@blinding light!!!; chebon tiger band@yale

FRI 31

mint records' 10th anniversary bash featuring the new pornographers, the smugglers, evaporators, i am spoonbender, new town animals@commodore

SPECIAL EVENTS

VANCOUVER, VANCOUVER, YOU MAKE ME SO HAPPY.

Every year since time immemorial, DISCORDER has devoted its September issue to an in-depth, impartial, and exquisitely edited overview of all things exciting and musical in the Vancouver area. There'll be the Local Music Directory [send in your listings by filling out our form on p. 27], there'll be interviews galore, and there'll be a general sense of local camaraderie and togetherness that you just can't get from any other Vancouver publication. If you have story ideas, artwork, or just want to help out, contact Lindsay at 604.822.3017 ext. 3 or <discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca>.

NEW FORMS FESTIVAL

It's sponsored by the new, raver-identified Eatons, which is kind of weird, but a billion local artists, authors, musicians, and DJs are being given the opportunity to do their thing at various Main Street venues, August 3-5. Wristbands for the whole shebang are \$20 at Futuristic Flow, Bassix, Boomtown, Plastic Robot, Concrete, and FVUWH. Check out www.capitalmag.com or call 604.710.5383 for information.

LG8T RADIO FREE POINT PRESENTS!

August 4th, Saturday, CITR 101.9FM presents our annual day of proud programming: Loud and Queer. Tune in for arts, entertainment, music, news, politics and partying.

UNDER THE VOLCANO 2001

Wow, 12th annual? That's insane. Art and social change on the North Shore, part 12. Scheduled performers include Swarm, Red Hip Hop featuring Tribal Wizzard, Manik & Chilli and Os12, Dickel Brothers, Swollen Members, Kuttin Kandi, Jerk with a Bomb, tons of speakers, spoken word artists, booths, merch and revolutionary thought. Cates Park, August 12, all day, rain or shine. Call 682.3269 (box 6903) for information. And check out the Under the Volcano film night at the Blinding Light!!! on August 11 from 7-11 pm. •

COMMUNITY.

Join hands, friends. Electronic knob twiddling fingers, link digzits with duelling metal guitarists and emo crooners. Experimentalists and goths, singer/songwriters, hip hop heads, all ages kidz and wiener dogs unite. We here at *DISORDER* wanna help build a big old list of bands, promoters, organizations, kids, groups, musicians, venues, art rockers, etc. for the Vancouver community. So dig yer heels into this one, dawg. Fill this thing out, email, snail mail or fax it our way and you will be listed in our giant, special keeper pull-out, **The Local Music Directory**, in our September issue. Deadline for entries is August 15. Totally awesome.

you are a (Check one):

☐ BAND/MUSICIAN	☐ PROMOTER
☐ RECORD LABEL/DISTRIBUTOR	☐ LIVE MUSIC VENUE
☐ MANAGER/AGENT	☐ STUDIO
☐ ZINE	☐ OTHER

NAME: _____

DESCRIPTION (15 words or less): _____

CONTACT(S): _____

ADDRESS: _____

EMAIL: _____

PHONE: _____

FAX: _____

URL: _____

Mail/fax to #233-6138 SUB BLVD., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1.

Fax number (604) 822-9364. Email:

discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca. Rock on Vancouver!!

SHINDig

BANDS! MUSICIANS! FLUTE PLAYERS!

Yes, despite a striking population and a No-Fun City Policy (TM), Shindig 2001 is about to get underway! So that means send us yer minimum three song demo with contact information by September 15th at the very, very, very latest to:



"SHINDIG IS FOR
MEEEEEEEE!"
c/o CiTR RADIO
233-6138 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1
CANUCKLAND



Questions? Tobias 822-1242

SHINDIG! runs every Tuesday at the Railway Club, starting September 11th and sprinting hard to the marathon finals on December 5th.

THANKS TO OUR SPONSORS!

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DISORDER

DISORDER

ONE LOCAL SELECTION...

COAL

Beautiful Afterburn CD

I believe it was 40 years ago that Loo Fender first experimented with a 3 string "vibro tank". The results were stunning. Suddenly the electric guitar shimmered like the reflection of a cold moon over an enchanted lagoon. Local music noir players, **COAL**, are well steeped in the reverberations of this historic experimentation. Specializing in dark moody songs that spook the same woods as **Mazy Star**, the bizarre world of **Chris Isak**, and most certainly the denizens of the Tart Gallery walls!

CD 14.98

DAVID

AXELROD

I David Axelrod

CD/2LP

The hedonism of rock'n'roll is not exclusive to the infantile lead vocalist whose ego is a spiral staircase with stops at the various floors of destruction. No, word on the street has it that the 70's arrangers and composers also dabbled in the theatrics of excessive madness, thus channeling their creative passions into some ballsy screeds! Enter **DAVID AXELROD**, aka the Axel! What we have here is some vintage 1969 bed-tracks, which needlessly to say ooze with steamy sensuality, at last getting the finishing touches... after some cooing from long time admirers **DJ Shadow** and **James Lavelle**! This is ripe - Further proof that genius is a helix double bound with chaos!

CD 16.98 2LP 26.98

BUILT TO SPILL

Ancient Melodies

CD

BUILT TO SPILL fans, you have cause to rejoice. Unfamiliar listeners, we suggest that you enlighten yourselves to the joy of sound that is **BUILT TO SPILL**. After a teaser of a live album last year, **Bowie Marbach** and team players returned to brighten our lives with stories and sounds enchanting on a myriad of levels. Never content to offer what is expected, the band marches on to new territory, sounding an alarm call to those who thought that cleverly-crafted pop songs were old hat - **BUILT TO SPILL** have the skill to lead a new generation of top-40 children to the indie side!

CD 16.98

OTHER NEW RELEASES:

HIM New Features CD/LP

DE FACTO Megaton Shoutblast 2LP/CD

DEVOLVER The Pilot's Inside His Mind CD

ERIC'S TRIP The Eric's Trip Show CD

THE HEAVY BLINDERS Better Weather CD

TWO LONE WOODSMEN Further Reminders CD/LP

POETS OF RHYTHM Discern/Define CD/LP

Various NUGGETS: LUKE VIBERT'S SELECTION 2LP/CD

NO LUCK CLUB Happiness CD/2LP local beats on 75

Ark - out August 7th

ARLING and CAMERON We are A&C CD/2LP out

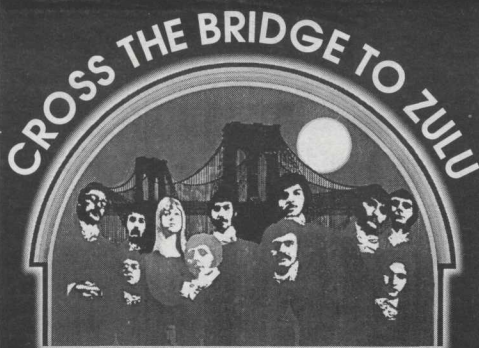
August 7th.

Now Showing at:

tart GALLERY

1869 West 4th Avenue

also the Zulu Satellite Store - Stop by for a deal!



HIS NAME IS

ALIVE

Someday My

Blues Will

Cover the Earth

CD

Ever the innovators, cult favourites **HIS NAME IS** arrive back on our scene with an excursion in R&B. Go figure. Never predictable, always engaging, this album provides the perfect excuse to sit back and do absolutely nothing for the better part of an afternoon. How else is one to soak up the subtleties of such a finely-produced gem? Enjoy.

CD 16.98

DELTRON 3030

Instruments

CD/LP

Check my friends! **DELTRON**, running recon - without an MC, send up a flare, an APB, who you think I am? First name **Keel**, last name **Keith**, million dollar yacht - stuck up on a reef, here I come to the rescue. **Travis Bickle**, **Robbie D**, **Niro**, **Deltron three zero**... you get the picture. **Kid Koala** handles the decks. **Dan the Automator** handles the producing. The new dope for all yous to freestyle along to as you're cruising the hot summer streets.

CD 16.98

LP 16.98

Mint Records 10th Anniversary!

The home of the New Pornographers, Neko Case, the Smugglers and myriad others celebrates its 10th birthday with a 2-nite bash: Thursday August 30 @ Richard's on Richards with Neko Case, Com Sisters, Carolyn Mark, and Tennessee Twin; and Friday August 31 @ the Commodore with the New Pornographers, The Smugglers, I Am Spoonbender, The Evaporators, Distant and New Town Animals. Special 2-nite combo tickets are available here at Zulu that come with a coupon for a free copy of the TEAM MINT VOLUME Two Mint Records CD sampler, plus 20% OFF any instock Mint titles at Zulu!

PREFUSE 73

Vocal Studies &

Uprock

Narratives

CD/2LP

Under the name **Prefuse 73**, **Scott Herren** (**Savath & Savalas**) produces a very listener-friendly hybrid of hip-hop and downtempo electronica. Guest input from star names as diverse as **Sam Prexy**, **Aesop Rock** and **MF Doom** has created quite a buzz around this album. If you're looking for some seriously advanced dinner-party beats, you won't be disappointed. Be the first household on Zulu that can own one. You'll make your smart-Alec neighbors crazy jealous!

CD 16.98

2LP 19.98

Various

ALL TOMORROW'S PARTIES CD

The trip to Sussex would have been nice. A weekend hanging out in the country with **Tortoise** and their hand-picked selection of bands. A wee snifter of cognac - the post-rock drink of choice - before retiring to the cabin that was included in the ticket price. A sporting good time, you still remember a moment for your friends back home: a smashing comp featuring exclusive tracks from: **Autechre**, **Boards of Canada**, **Broadcast**, **Calvinista**, **Cannibal D** featuring **El-P**, **Mike Ladd**, **The Sea and Cake**, **Tortoise** and **Yo La Tengo!** AVAILABLE AUGUST 7

CD 19.98

All prices in effect until August 31, 2001

THE STROKES!!

Manhattan's most

eligible rock act

visits the Starfish

Room on August 12th.

We're giving away

tickets and 7inches.

Stop by.

at the Starfish

Room on August 12th.

We're giving away

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at the Starfish

Room on August 12th.

We're giving away

tickets and 7inches.

Stop by.

at the Starfish

Room on August 12th.

We're giving away

tickets and 7inches.

TWO INDIE HIP-HOP COMPS...

Various

LYRICS OF FURY

CD/LP

The title is an Eric B and Rakim reference. It comes to you courtesy of **Battle Ave Records**. So you know what this is: straight up, uncut, stone-cold Van City-style hip-hop. It features 18 hard-hitting tracks from the likes of **Moka Only**, **LMNO**, **Buc Fitty**, **Mr. Brady**, and, of course, **Swollen Members**, plus five production credits for **The Alchemist** (**Nas**, **Mobb Deep**, **Cypress Hill**). The empire goes from strength to strength. Come run amongst them and conquer someone.

CD 19.98

LP 19.98

Various

FUNKY PRECEDENT

VOL. 2 CD/LP

Released by our good friends at **Matador Records**, this is the second compilation of intelligent Californian hip-hop from the **Matador** organization! Designed to support music education in urban public school, this pure positivity disc contains all-exclusive tracks from Skool Yard featuring **Planet Asia**, **Razco**, **Anticon**, **Encore of Executive Lounge**, **Pep Love**, **Zion 1**, **DJ Vibe of Triple Threat D.J.s**, **Live Human** and more. Sharp beats.

CD 19.98

LP 19.98

Various

TIGERBEAT6 INC 2CD

The addition of a computer at the back of detention hall has had startling effects upon the population of first world nations - every "badass" with time to kill now has the opportunity to get up to terrifying amounts of digital mayhem! **Postboy** **Ki6606** has rounded up a gang of like-minded computer-code shit disturbers, and, in celebration of the success of his **Tigerbeat6** label, is offering up an immense collection (44 tracks!) of what the posse's up to these days. Not only do you get label regulars **Cex** and **bleatium** from **bleatium**, you also get a chance to check out gems by forgers like **Dat Politics**, **Jean Bach**, and **Woriko Tujiko** (a current staff favourite!) This is the new wild style.

2CD 20.98

Zulu's Labour Day Weekend Plans: In-store Action!

JERK WITH A BOMB

In-Store: Friday August 31st 5:00 PM

This rugged duo has been coaxed out of the highlands to deliver some of their **The Old Noise** tunes. Certainly one of the more exciting local outfits, **J.W.A.B.** are the stripped down essentials - songs versed in the spectrum of hushed misturism. Come out.

I AM SPOONBENDER

In-Store: Sunday September 2nd 5:00 PM

To complement their Mint showcases, **I Am Spoonbender** come down to the shack as their "tale-ambient alter ego" and in **Eno**-esque fashion invent some dreamy **Music for Shopping**. Stop by to check what condition your cognition is in.

Zulu Records

1972 W 4th Ave

Vancouver, BC

tel 738.3232

www.zulurecords.com



STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed 10:30 - 9:00

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